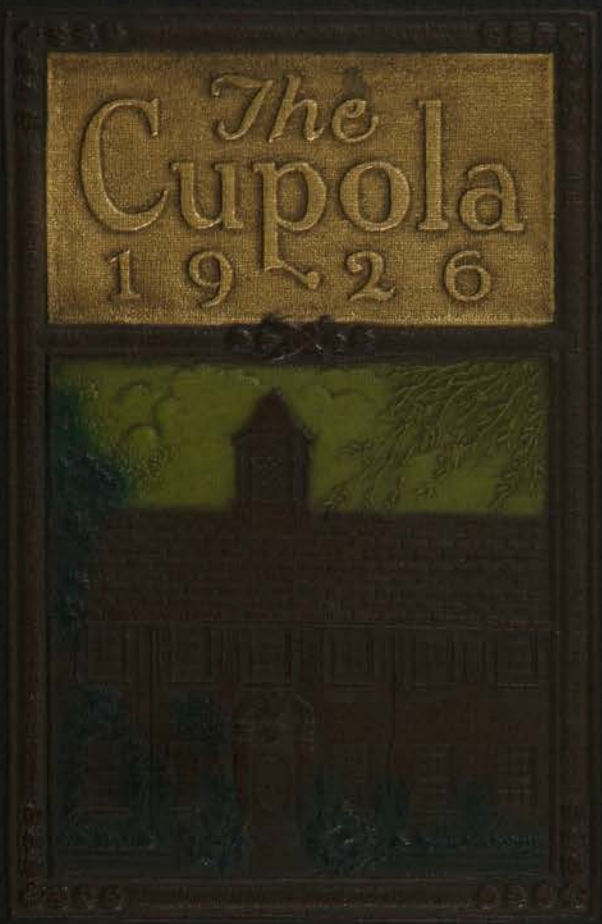
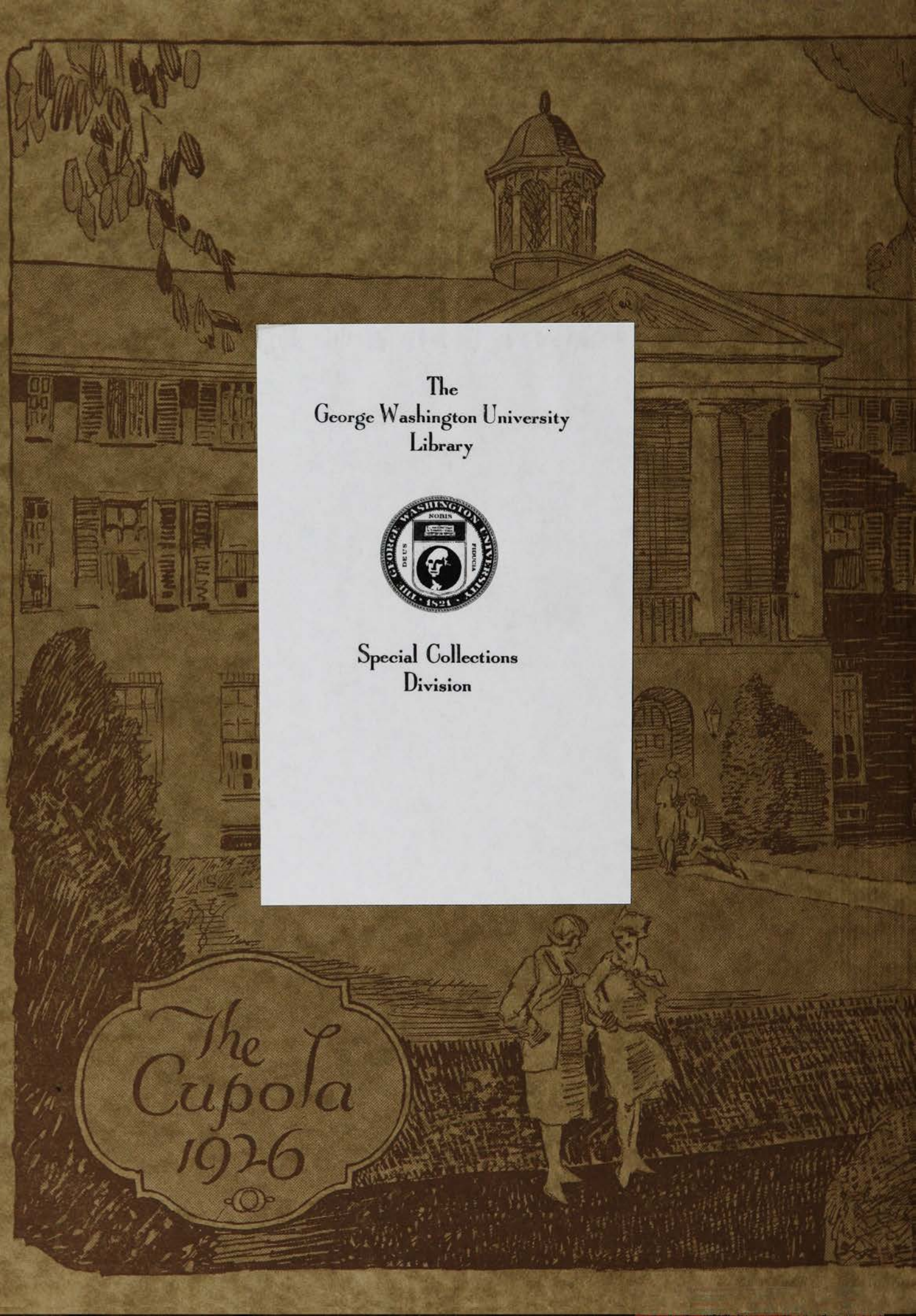
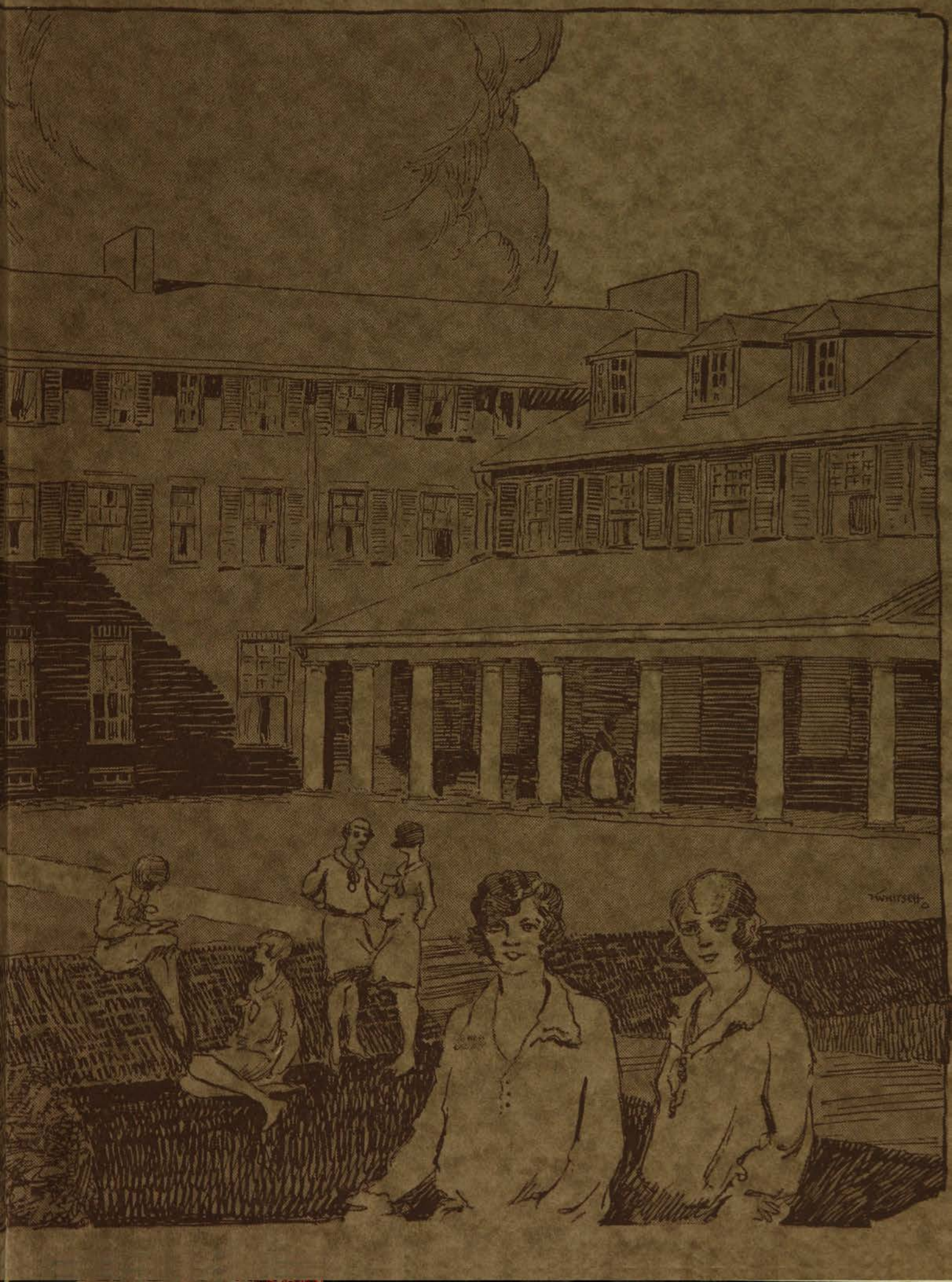
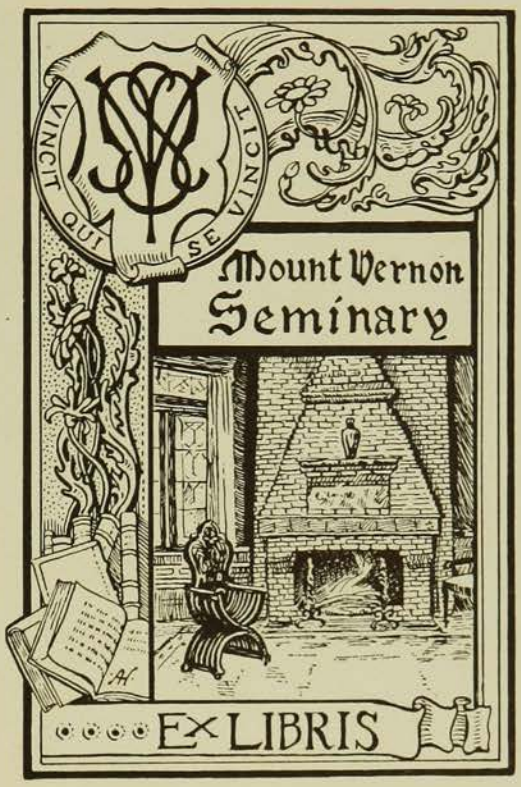

The
Cupola
1926



The
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Special Collections
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Mount Vernon
Seminary
EX LIBRIS

Eleanor Haigh Gow '26

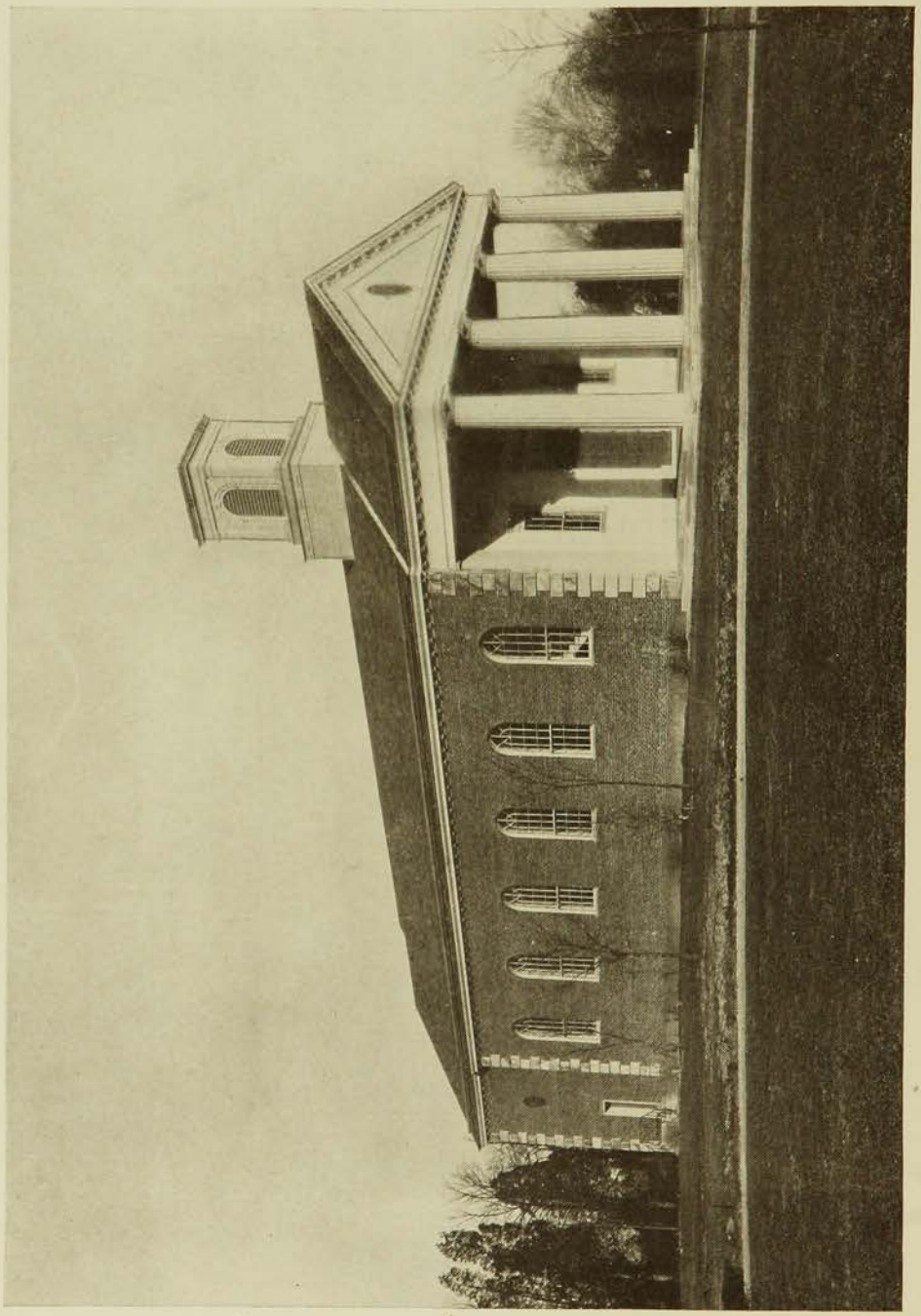
The Cupola

VOL. IV.

MT. VERNON SEMINARY
WASHINGTON, D. C.
1926



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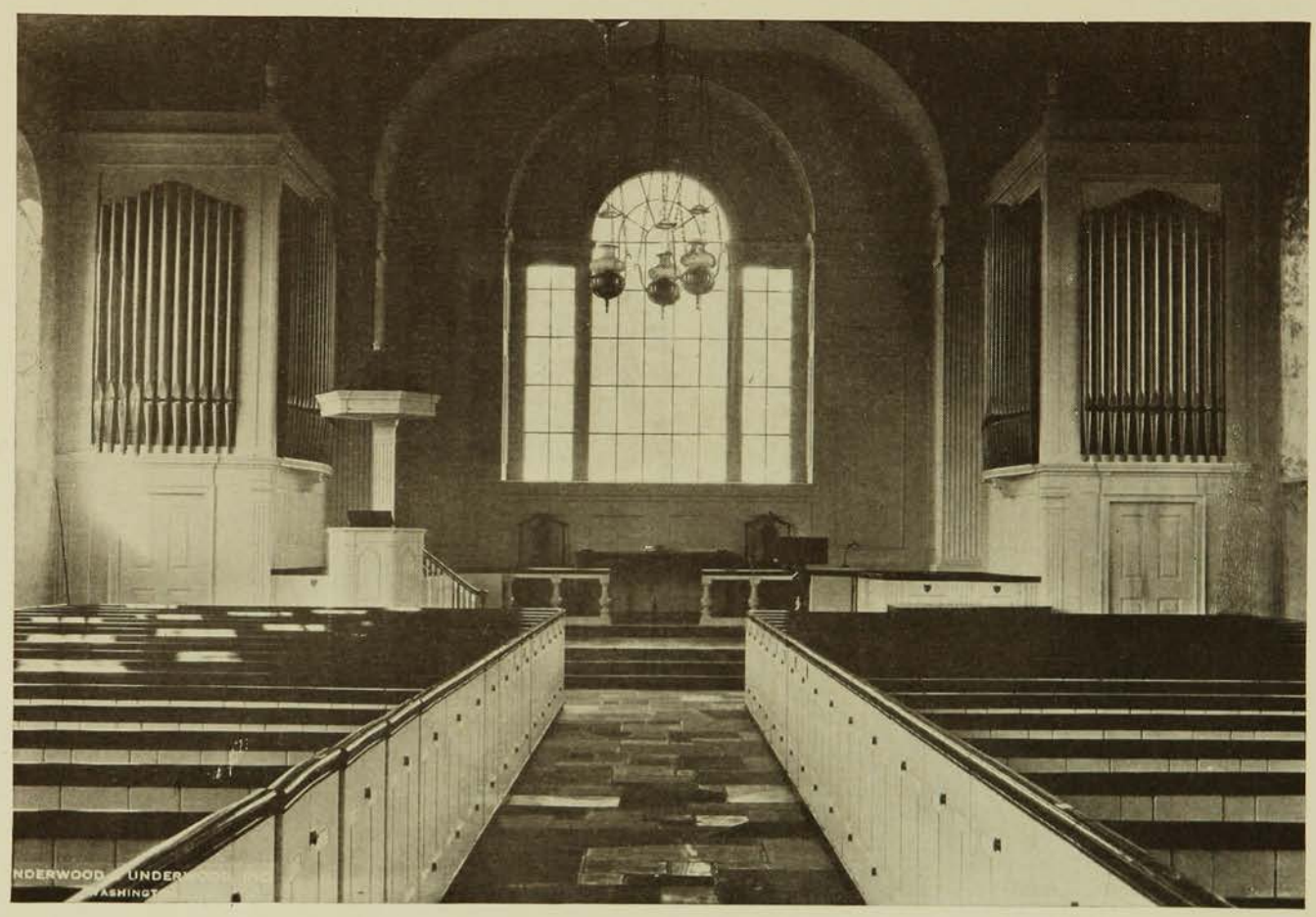


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EDITORIAL

THERE is scarcely a girl, I suppose, who has not embarked upon the great adventure of going to boarding school without a more or less clear idea of the mischievous fun she is going to have. Every girl has, at one time or another, eagerly followed the escapades of some beautiful heroine of fiction, and firmly resolved that she will be just such a lovable young rogue when the fatal day of incarceration at last arrives. In some institutions, perhaps, the students do live the life of fabled abandon, but at M. V. S. such is not the case. Any attempts made to tread the primrose path of dalliance are viewed here with high disfavor, and life for the courageous offender becomes so miserable in countless little ways that the game seems hardly worth the candle. There is more fun within the law at M. V. S. than outside it, and vastly more freedom. This is not a conventional opinion, but is an honest conviction formed after seven years of boarding school, a good many of which were spent on the wrong side of the fence in the dense shade of disapproval cast by the powers that be and were.

However, we agree with even the most lax of students that school, just plain, unadulterated school, with nothing to break the monotony, becomes, in a short time, the deadliest of bores. It is not the pursuit of learning that makes life in a boarding school possible and even delightful despite the omnipotence and omnipresence of the Hand Book and a marking committee. It is the extra-curriculum activities in which one becomes engaged that makes one agree, although silently, with the time-worn phrase of the aged and experienced Olympians: "School days are the happiest, my dear." It is the plays, the athletics, the student publications that supplement and enrich the dawn to dusk struggle for wisdom and knowledge, and it is the measure of one's success in these undertakings that determine one's importance in the group.

One of the most interesting and time-demanding phases of these activities is the student publications. "The Cupola" is the only one of which M. V. S. boasts at present, but so rapidly has it grown during its four short years of ink and paper existence that the future seems promiseful of greater things. "The Cupola" is a review of the year touching briefly the high points in the dramatic, artistic, social, and athletic activities which occupy so fully our time from October to May.



A year book may or may not be of great value and credit to a school. The thing that assures it success, and without which it cannot long continue, is the interested and united backing of the entire school. It is *your* book, and on you, individually, its success or failure depends. If you put a girl on the staff because she is pretty or because she is popular, when you know her ability in this sort of work is nil; if you elect a staff, and then forget them and their work until the finished volume is in your hands; if, in other words, you do not take a vital, active interest in the book that may be just as much yours as you care to make it—then you will be forcing the publication of a poor book which will eventually lead to a failure. While it is true that not everyone can write even student articles, yet there is not one who is unable to contribute in at least a small way.

"The Cupola" endeavors to reproduce as nearly as possible the spirit of the school, and, as *you* are the school, you add or detract, as the case may be, to what, after fifty years, we so justly acclaim, as the "Spirit of M. V. S." And so we appeal to you for your interest, if for nothing more, in "The Cupola" of the future. This is the least and yet, in a sense, the greatest way in which you may aid in making it the book you desire it to be.

It has been the object of the present board to make this year's "Cupola" not only a success, but a success founded on the broad and lasting basis of general interest. In omitting the dedication this year, we have desired to establish no precedent but merely to leave the matter an open question for each succeeding board to decide as they may think best.

If the three previous volumes have been more or less introductory, we feel that with this one the character of "The Cupola" has actually begun to take shape, and, as it passes from our hands to yours, it bears with it our affection and interest born of time and effort spent in its behalf, and the fond hope that you will, in the future, correct its mistakes, improve on its achievements, and make of it a thing of real interest and value to M. V. S.

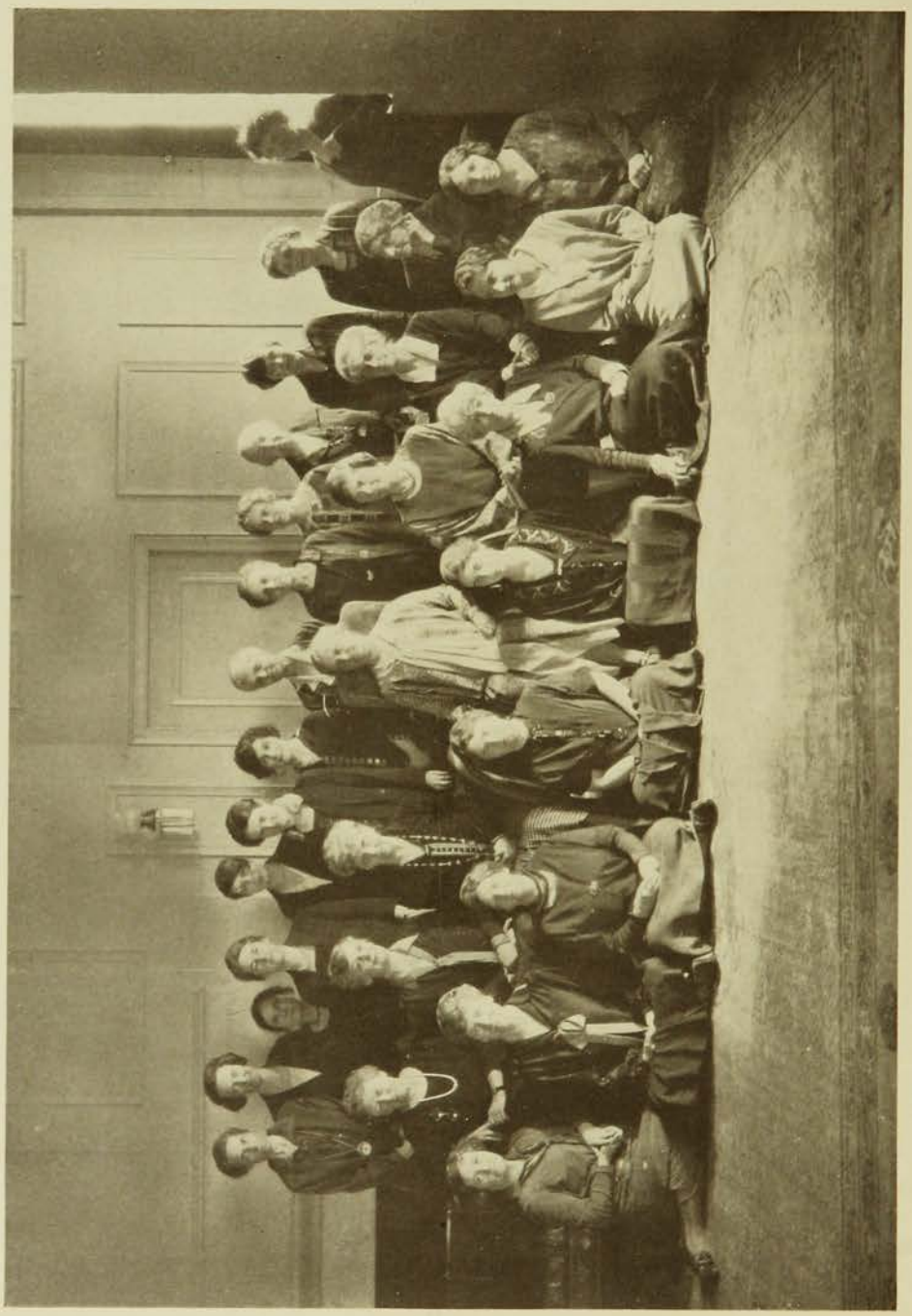
ALICE V. CAMPBELL,
Editor-in-Chief.



SCHOOL CALENDAR FOR THE YEAR 1925-1926

Tuesday,	October	6—Arrival of Students
Saturday,	October	10—Entertainment Given by Old Girls
Saturday,	October	17—Senior House Warming
Saturday,	October	24—Junior Vaudeville
Tuesday,	October	27—Walter Pritchard Eaton on "School for Scandal"
Saturday,	October	31—Hallowe'en
Thursday,	November	5—Founder's Day
Sunday,	November	15—Mrs. Brosius' Harp Recital
Friday,	November	20—Katherine Dreir on Modern Art
Saturday,	December	5—Senior Play
Sunday,	December	13—Musicale
Tuesday,	December	15—Christmas Party
Friday,	January	8—National String Quartet
Sunday,	January	17—Mrs. Gertrude Knox Wells on Near East Colleges
Friday,	January	29—Isaac Minovitch
Friday,	February	5—Frances Nash's Recital
Saturday,	February	6—Illustrated Lecture on Stars by B. R. Baumgardt
Friday,	February	12—Valentine Party
Monday,	February	22—Junior Play
Saturday,	February	27—Varsity Game: Madeira vs. M. V. S.
Sunday,	February	28—Recital
Saturday,	March	6—White Class Plays
Friday,	March	12—Expression Recital
Saturday,	March	13—French Play
Saturday,	March	20—Yellow Class Plays
Sunday,	March	21—Musicale
Wednesday,	March	24—Easter Vacation Begins
Thursday,	May	6—Junior-Senior Banquet
Wednesday,	May	26—Commencement







FACULTY

Miss Jean Dean Cole
Miss Wilfreda J. Messenger
Miss Katherine Hill
Miss H. Grace Brouse
Miss Frances De Villa Ball
Miss Margaret Barber
Mrs. Annie M. Baylis
Miss Catherine S. Blakeslee
Mrs. Edythe Marmion Brosius
Miss Beulah James Carpenter
Miss Grace E. Carroll
Miss Frances Chickering
Miss Constance Churchyard
Miss Frances A. Davis
Miss Alice E. Edwards
Miss Rebecca Elting
Mrs. Nell Enders
Miss Maude Frances
Miss J. Lorna Guard
Miss Mildred Hanna
Miss Elizabeth Alger Hillyar
Miss Alice B. Hopkins
Miss Marian Kleps
Miss Evelyn Mallard
Miss Elizabeth F. Mann
Miss Louisa J. Martin
Mrs. Charlotte G. McAllister
Mrs. Netta C. Murphey
Mrs. Adela Kleinschmidt-Payne
Madame Eleonore Peltier
Miss Elsa Louise Rainer
Mrs. Alys M. Rickett
Miss Adelaide Schmitthenner
Miss Margaret M. Slauson
Miss Allene Stuart
Mlle. Henrietta Toureille
Miss Alice M. Trippett
Miss Harriet B. Walker





CUPOLA STAFF

Faculty Advisers—Miss Barber, Miss Carpenter, Miss Churchyard
Editor-in-Chief—Alice Campbell
Assistant Editor—Jean Barker
Advertising Manager—Florence Birch
Business Manager—Caroline Sweeney
Literary Editor—Miranda Boyd
Assistant Literary Editor—Janet Gardner
Art Editor—Marie Horst
Athletic Editor—Mary Cunningham
Assistant Athletic Editor—Elizabeth Bennett
Joke Editor—Palmer Dallis
Dramatic Editor—Mary Louise Gaut
Photograph Editor—Helen Raynor





Miss Constance Churchyard
Class Mother

SENIOR CLASS

Class Motto: Esse Quam Videri Class Flower: Ward Rose

CLASS OFFICERS

President—Eleanore Haigh
Vice-President—Renate Zimmers
Secretary—Eleanor Marsh
Treasurer—Caroline Sweeney

Elizabeth Bennett
Florence Birch
Alice Campbell
Blanche Daggett
Elizabeth Davison
Catherine DeArmond
Mary Louise Gaut
Pauline Gaut
Eleanore Haigh
Eleanor Hayden
Dorothy Koenig
Eleanor Marsh
Esther Myers
Helen Raynor
Caroline Sweeney
Florence Woodward
Anne Young
Renate Zimmers







ELIZABETH BENNETT
San Antonio, Texas
Four Years
"Ben"

Optima, '25-'26
Secretary of Optima, '26
Assistant Athletic Editor of Cupola, '25-'26
Swimming, '23-'24 (Manager, '24-'26)
Basketball, '23-'24, '25-'26
Dramatics, '24-'25-'26
Class Lamentor, 26
Vice-President of Junior Class, '25
Vice-President of Yellow Class, '24
Baseball, '23
Track Manager for Yellow Class, '23
Yellow Class

Clear as a brook
Flowing over smooth, fine stones;
Changed only on the surface
By the ripple of the wind





FLORENCE W. BIRCH
"Flopsie"
Lansdowne, Pennsylvania
Three Years
Optima, '24-'26-'26
Vice-President of Optima, '26
French Club, '25-'26
President of French Club, '26
Advertising Manager of Cupola, '26
Dramatics, '24-'25-'26
Class Will and Testament, '26
Vice-President of Lend-A-Hand Society, '25
Basketball, '24-'25
Toastmistress Junior Banquet, '25
Commencement Play, '25
White Class

Like marble
Strangely cool
Stately and fair
Unmoved—aloof





ALICE V. CAMPBELL

"Al."

St. Joseph, Missouri

Two Years

Optima, 25-'26
Editor-in-Chief of Cupola, '26
Walking Club, '26
Dramatics, '25-'26
Basketball, '25-'26
Junior Banquet Speeches, '25-'26
Literary Editor of Cupola, '25
Commencement Play, '25-'26
Class Statistician, '26

Clear cut and fine as a cameo,
Firm as its substance,
As keen as its carving,
Brilliant as its beauty;
Yet warm, appealing





BLANCHE DAGGETT

Niagara Falls, New York

Four Years

President of Lend-A-Hand Society, '26
Dramatics, '26
Captain Senior Gym Team, '26
Vice-President of Domestic Science, '25
Yellow Class

Like a floating water lily
Opening in the sun,
Exhaling a faint perfume
To greet the passer by





ELIZABETH DAVISON

"Libby"

Flint, Michigan

Four Years

President of Optima, '26
Optima, '24-'25-'26
President of Junior Class, '25
Dramatics, '23-'24-'26
Yellow Class, '23-'24
Commencement Play, '24

A winning personality
Touched with humor.
Capable of laughter
Yet firm and decided





CATHERINE DEARMOND

"Kay"

Washington, D. C.

Three Years

Swimming Team, '25
Commencement Play, '25

A limpid stream
Meandering through the country
Taking what comes.
Rejoicing in the present





MARY LOUISE GAUT

"M. L."

Louisville, Kentucky

Two Years

Optima, '26
Varsity Basketball, '26
Basketball, '25-'26
Dramatic Editor of Cupola, '26
Secretary of Lend-A-Hand, '26
Walking Club, '25-'26
Commencement Play, '25-'26
Swimming Team, '26

Always a gay word,
Enthusiastic, invigorating.
Like crisp russet leaves, and,
Marigolds in an earthen jar





PAULINE GAUT

"Paul"

Knoxville, Tennessee

Two Years

Walking Club President, '26
Walking Club, '25-'26
Vice-President Red Cross Council, '26
Glee Club, '26
Choir, '26
Captain of Swimming Team, '26
Swimming Team, '25-'26
Commencement Play, '25
Optima, '26

Clear and pure as the flame of a tall white taper
Blown passionately about by the wind,
Intensely true to each,
Flamingly vivid—burningly sincere





ELEANORE HAIGH

"El"

West Roxbury, Massachusetts

Two Years

Senior Class President, '26
Optima, '25-'26
French Club, '25-'26
Vice-President of French Club, '26
Choir, '25-'26
Glee Club, '25
Class Historian, '26
Fall Tennis Champion, '25

Self-contained and calm.
A cool chrysanthemum
On a supple stem
Diffusing charm, joy and dignity





ELEANOR HAYDEN
"El"
New York City, New York
Three Years

Optima, '25-'26
President Athletic Association, '26
Varsity Basketball Team, and Manager, '26
Basketball, and Captain, '24-'25-'26
Basketball Manager, '25
Treasurer Athletic Association, '25
Treasurer Lend-A-Hand Society, '26
Dramatics, '24-'25-'26
Choir, '25-'26
Commencement Play, '25-'26
Choral Club, '24-'25
White Class
Athletic Editor of Cupola, '24-'25

Determined and firm,
Addressing life as she does the ball.
Unsparing yet kind,
Artistic and gifted





Dorothy Koenig

"Dot"

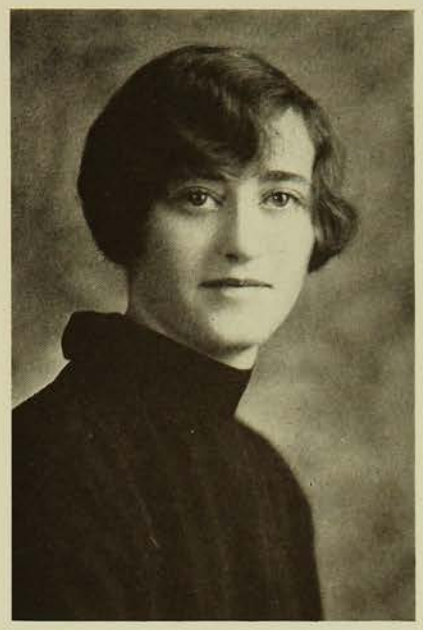
Sioux Falls, South Dakota

Two Years

Gym Team, '26

Like a faint pink carnation
In a clear glass vase,
She hides nothing,
Pretends nothing





ELEANOR MARSH

"Billie"

New Bradford, Massachusetts

Two Years

Secretary Senior Class, '26
Varsity Basketball, '26
President of Glee Club, '26
Choir, '25-'26
Swimming Team, '26
Manager Swimming Team, '25
Basketball, '25-'26
Optima, '26

As alert as a small sparrow,
Endowed with a silver voice,
Adorned with sunny plumage
Ever twittering





ESTHER MYERS

"Es"

Dubuque, Iowa

Two Years

Choir, '25-'26
Glee Club, '25-'26
Chairman of Property Committee, '26
Assistant Choir Librarian, '26
Commencement Play, '25

Bright yellow and flaunting green
Prodigally generous,
Warm, demonstrative, musical





HELEN RAYNOR

"Hellie"

Montclair, New Jersey

Two Years

Optima, '26
President of Tea House Association, '26
Vice-President of Lend-a-Hand Society, '26
Photographic Editor of Cupola, '26
Secretary of Junior Class, '25

Sea winds and pink arbutus,
Refreshing, quick to see and feel





CAROLINE SWEENEY
"Mike"
Indianapolis, Indiana
Two Years

Optima, '26
Senior Class Treasurer, '26
Swimming Team, '26
Choir, '26
Cupola Business Manager, '26
Glee Club, '25-'26
Class Prophet, '26
Dramatics, '25-'26
Junior Banquet Speech, '25
Junior Class Treasurer, '25
Varsity Cheer Leader, '25-'26
Commencement Play, '25-'26

As joyful as apple blossoms,
Exhaling good will;
Ruddy as its fruit.
A brave philosopher





FLORENCE WOODWARD

"Florrie"

Owosso, Michigan

Two Years

Walking Club, '26

Kindly and loving;
The temperament of an artist
Making lovely what she touches.
Calm, uncomplaining





ANNE YOUNG

"Annie"

Omaha, Nebraska

Two Years

Optima, '25-'26
Walking Club, '26
Basketball, '26
Dramatics, '25-'26
Swimming Team, '25-'26
Commencement Play, '26-'26

Naively simple.
As unstudied as a daisy;
Ever cheerful
Yet prone to moods





RENATE ZIMMERS

"Dolly"

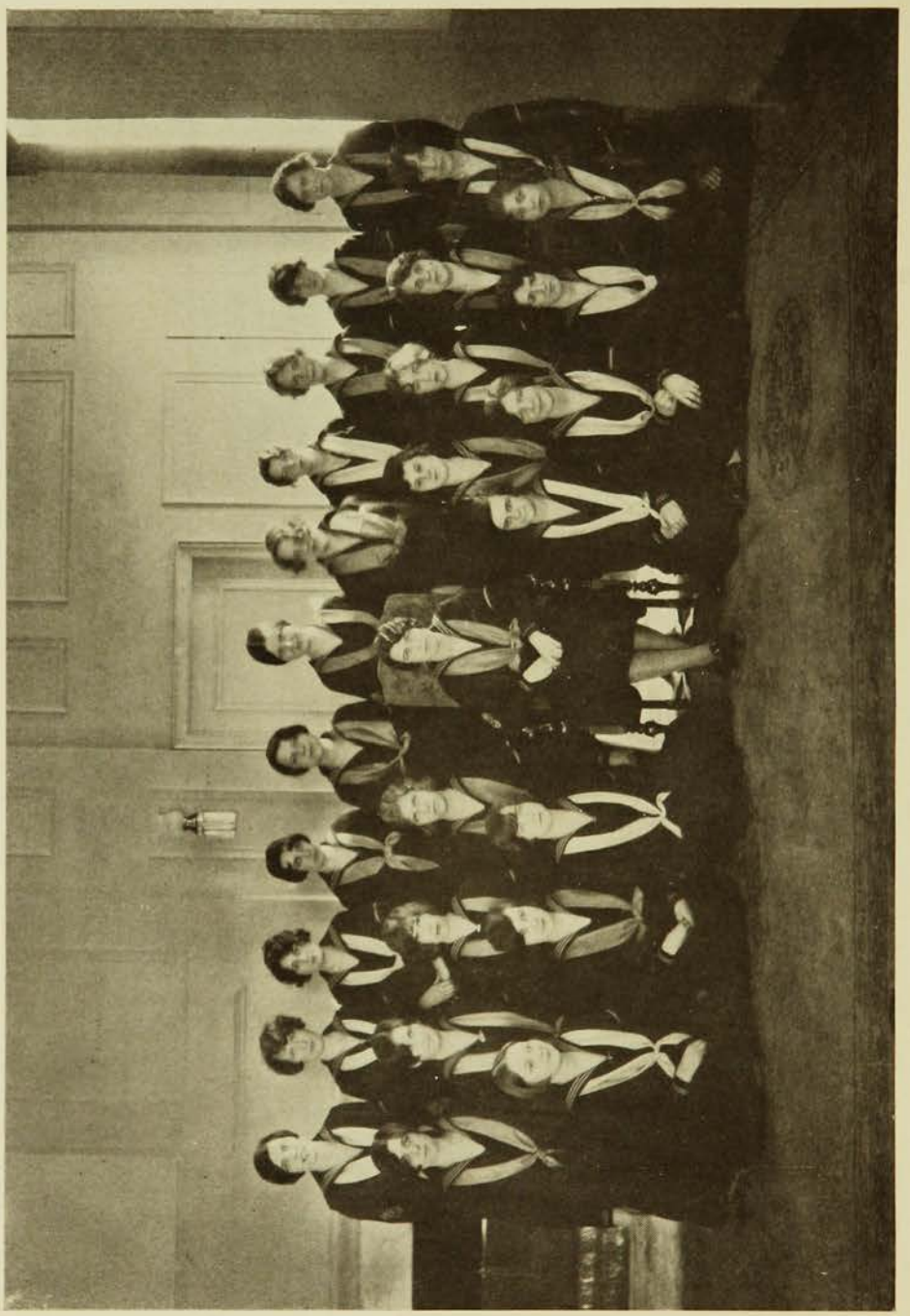
Milwaukee, Wisconsin

Two Years

Optima, '26-'26
Treasurer of Optima, '26
Senior Class Vice-President, '26
French Club, '26
Choir Librarian, '26
Choir, '26-'26
Glee Club, '25-'26
Junior Banquet Speech, '26
Dramatics, '25-'26
Commencement Play, '25

Tawny hair and dimples
Pale blue and silver,
Dignified but loving,
Ever the same









MISS BEULAH JAMES CARPENTER

Class Mother

Class Motto: "Achieve the honorable" Class Flower: Claude Prenet Rose

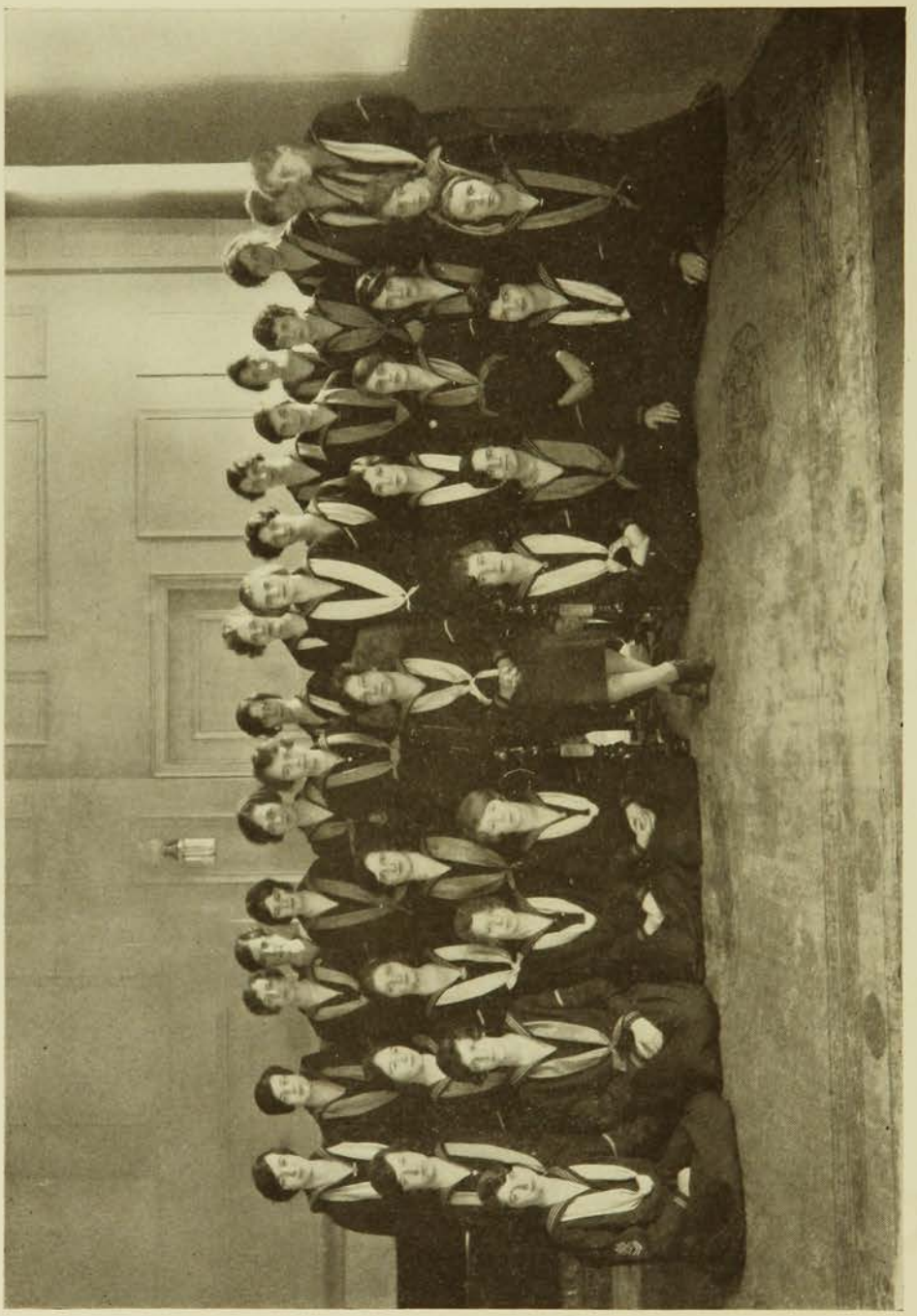
JUNIOR CLASS

CLASS OFFICERS

President—GENEVIEVE STEWART
Vice-President—JEAN BARKER
Secretary—ELIZABETH COUNCIL
Treasurer—MARY CUNNINGHAM

MARY LILLIAN ADAMS
JANE ARMSTRONG
JEAN BARKER
MIRANDA BOYD
ELIZABETH COUNCIL
MARY CUNNINGHAM
PALMER DALLIS
GRETCHEN DISHONG
ODESSA ERHARD
KATHERINE FERGUSON
JANET GARDNER
KATHRYN HAWKES
LOIS LASATER
WILMA MCFARLAND
JANET MCKINNEY
BEATRICE MASTERSON
MARGARET MEYER
JANE OLIVER
MARGARET RUMSEY
JANET SANDERS
KATHLEEN SHELDON
JUDITH SPENCER
GENEVIEVE STEWART
MARY THOMAS
DOROTHY THOMSON
EVALINE THOMSON
LOUISE WENDE
CLARISSA WHITE
ELEANOR WEIR









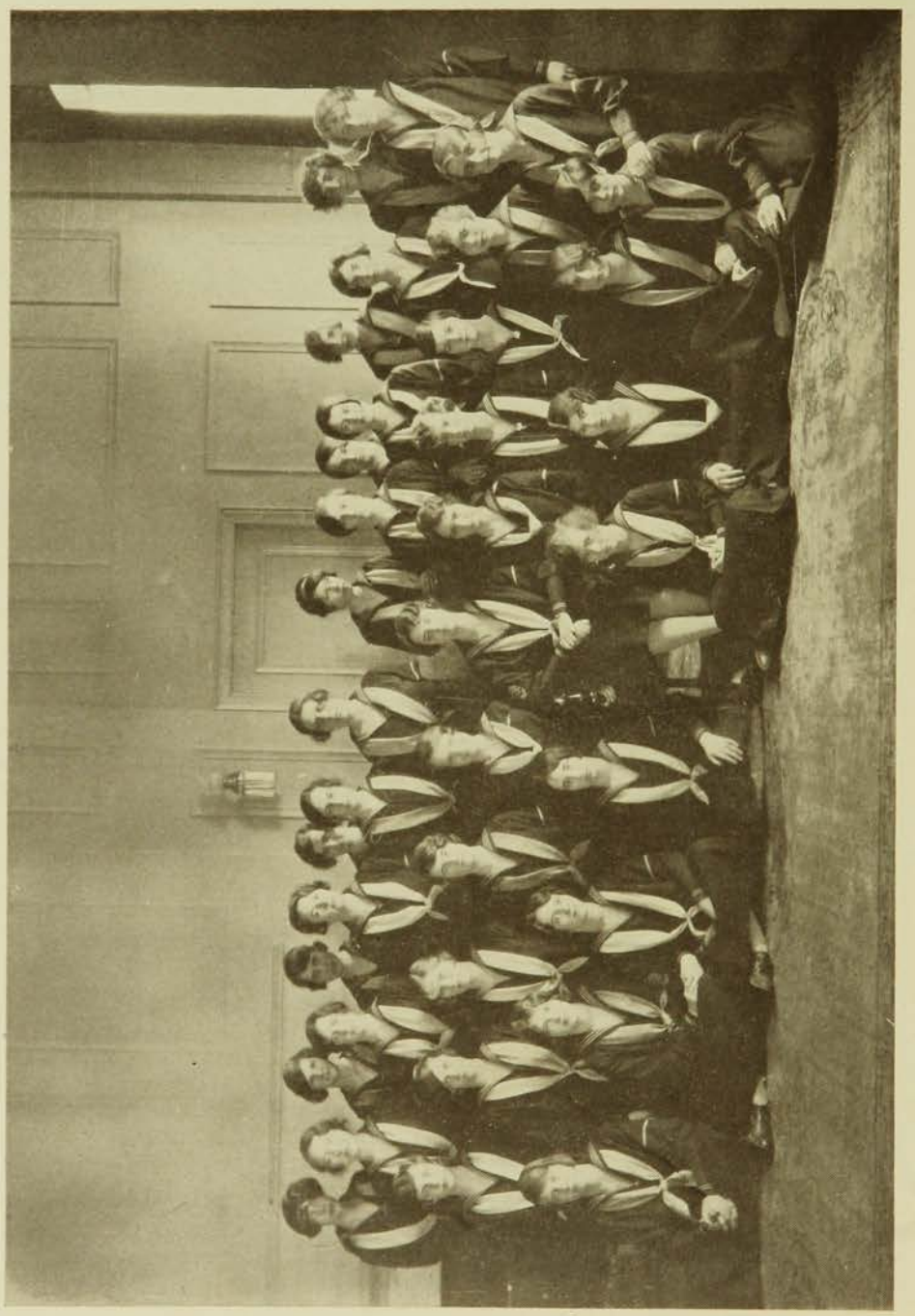
Miss Rebecca Elting
Class Mother

WHITE CLASS
CLASS OFFICERS

President—Jane Quilhot
Vice-President—Mary Dawes
Secretary—Flora Hollingsworth
Treasurer—Frances Cocroft

Sue Beckwith
Marion Bentley
Eleanor Bessell
Betty Bettison
Elizabeth Born
Frances Cocroft
Ruth Crabbs
Margaret Dawes
Mary Dawes
Catherine Dominick
May Dunlap
Elizabeth Emery
Eleanor French
Kathleen Gannon
Helen Groetzinger
Jean Hammer
Virginia Harris
Louise Hassel
Priscilla Higinbotham
Flora Hollingsworth
Madge Jarratt
Frances Johnston
Margaret Johnson
Constance Jones
Alice Kimball
Annett Kirk
Barbara Kirkwood
Marjorie Mallory
Phyllis Mitchell
Agnes Morris
Mary Ann Peacock
Beatrice Pier
Mary Pope
Jane Quilhot
Jean Redick
Elizabeth Roberts
Eleanor Rowe
Margaret M. Smith
Mary Woolfolk
Laurene Walker









Miss Harriet B. Walker
Class Mother

YELLOW CLASS
CLASS OFFICERS

President—Helen Hopper
Vice-President—Eleanor Voorhees
Secretary—Sibyl Cleveland
Treasurer—Peggy Jeffery

Katherine Archibald
Kathryn Bavinger
Eugenie Bournique
Mary Boyd
Jessie Clark
Sibyl Cleveland
Evelyn Comstock
Margaret Crouch
Margaret Denton
Marjorie Evatt
Julianne Foshay
Janet Gailey
Jeannette Genius
Phyllis Goodnow
Miriam Grosvenor
Mary Eleanor Hanna
Ann Hearne
Georgia Hencken
Marguerite Herrick
Shirley Hobbins
Helen Hopper
Marie Horst
Peggy Jeffery
Marion Kennedy
Martha Lewis
Eleanor Linn
Katherine Ludlum
Eleanor Miller
Adaline Morrison
Margaret Murphy
Frances Price
Jane Reilly
Miriam Robertson
Betty-Wynn Rugee
Margaret V. Smith
Shirley Swope
Anne Thompson
Margaret Jean Verran
Eleanor Voorhees
Jane Wallace



YOUR EYES

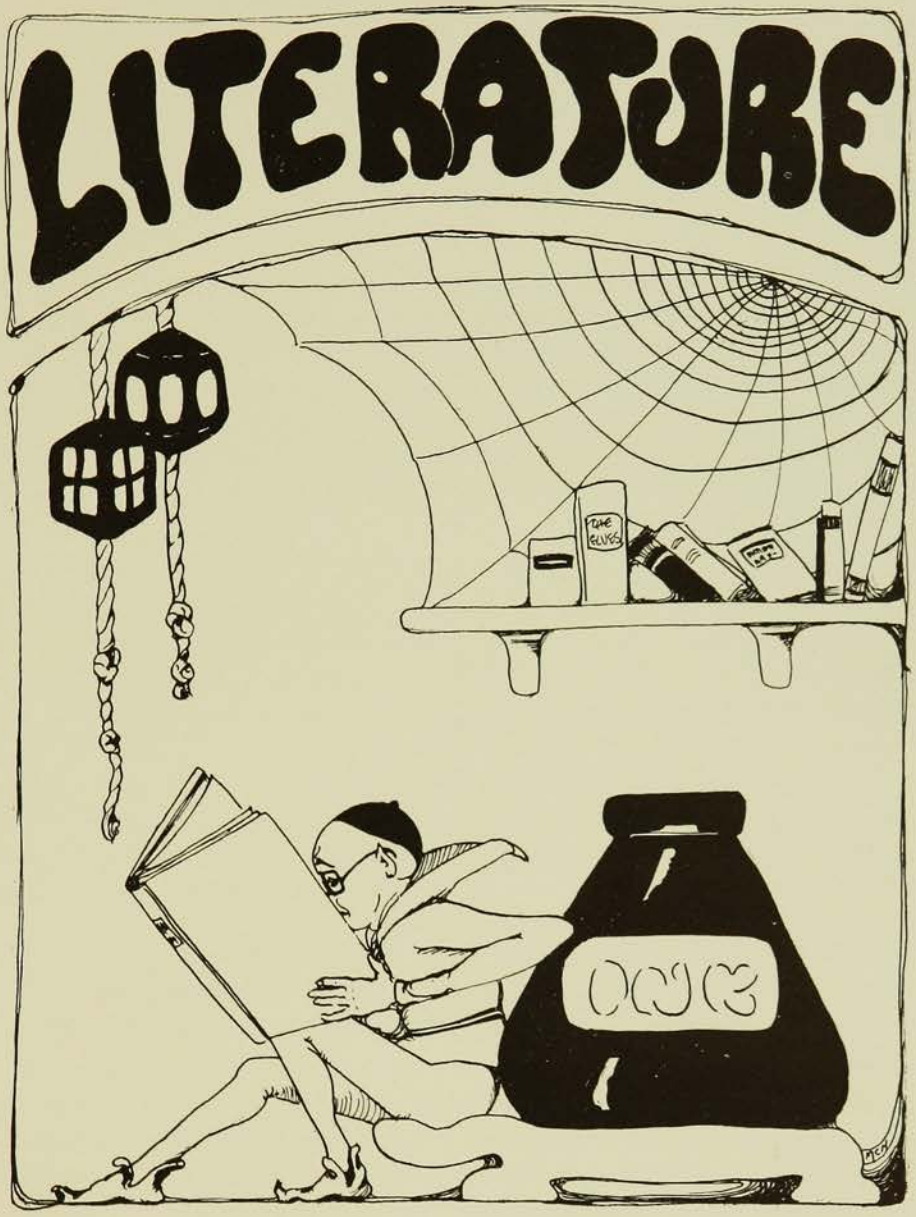
Pools of contentment—those are your eyes;
And in them I find
Rest and repose—and a strange comfort
That dulls my ache,
My weariness.

They are like a still sea—your eyes.
Calm, deep, cool,
They search me
But say nothing.
Perhaps like the sea, they are treacherous—
Only waiting to lead me
Into a greater unrest;
Could I lose my soul in your eyes?
I wonder.

WILMA MCFARLAND.






LITERATURE
THE ELVES
MAN
ONE



CORAL-COLORED LUCK*

RAIN had been falling in torrents till the streets were like shiny lakes, and the passing cars splattered unmercifully the hurrying pedestrians. It was evening, and since the hour of five, streams of human beings, weary yet happy at a day's work done, had descended to earth from sky-scraper heights, to swell the rain-drenched crowd.

Insignificant among the homeward bound throng, little Miss Sarah Allen threaded her way towards the tiny bedroom, three flights up, which she and a friend called home. Miss Allen was a thin, middle-aged seamstress, who, every day, rain or shine, got up at six o'clock in the morning. After making herself a cup of weak coffee and a slice of toast, putting on her well brushed, threadbare little coat, walking down long flights of dark stairs, she was usually cheerful enough and ready to meet her daily tasks.

As Miss Allen walked home that April evening, she was thinking so deeply that she didn't even notice the slush and puddles of the street. Her pinched features were drawn into little wrinkles, for she was worrying how best she could spend her few well earned dollars for a present for Lucile, her friend, whose birthday was but a few days off. Every year the debatable subject of the present was gone over and over. But this year it seemed impossible to hit upon the right thing—not that Lucile had so much of this world's goods already that it was hard for her to receive more; it was quite the reverse, the poor little lady had so little that it took a diplomatic mind to find out the most needed thing of the moment. Miss Sarah was too tired to be diplomatic. She was of a most meek nature, but sometimes, like tonight, her feelings rebelled and she demanded of herself why she and Lucile should always exchange such everlastingly useful presents when their souls were longing for something gay.

As Miss Allen pressed towards her crowded subway, she felt weary in body and soul. Everything had gone wrong that day, and she was utterly tired out. As she was jostled and pushed down the subway staircase, an indescribable longing came over her, to get away from all the deafening roar, and live on a quiet country street, shaded by spreading



elms, while the sweet fragrance of an old-fashioned garden floated gently on the breeze. She slipped a bit, twisting her ankle. The twinge brought her back to herself, and she thought of her room where Lucile was probably waiting for her. On one side, the cots half hidden by a screen, on the other side two chairs and a table which held their immediate necessities; that was her home. God! why was it fair that half the world should throw away their lives in holes like that while so many women lived in their mansions!

The little seamstress had been walking aimlessly since leaving the subway, and now found herself, not on her usual route, but in a neighborhood of small shops—junk shops, most of them. The bright colored trinkets offered for sale caught her eye, and she stopped to look. One window especially challenged her, for in it she saw something for which all her life she had had the greatest desire. It was a string of coral beads made up of three strands caught together with a heavy gold clasp. She felt she would give anything in the world to run her hands over those lustrous beads. She had never seen such coral! She had a mad desire to break the glass and catch them up and run away. For long moments she stood there till at last she came to herself and, looking round, saw the other goods displayed. In one corner of a tray was a pin made of gold wire set with tiny seed pearls; she knew then what she wanted for Lucile.

She walked into the shop, the door closing behind her on creaking hinges. The room was dark; she could hardly see. A short, dirty man behind the counter was rubbing his hands together and smiling in a fat, ingratiating manner.

What would she care to see? Oh yes! the beautiful coral—and the pin. Yes! Madame has such a quick eye to pick out the best things in the shop.

He produced the pair and laid them on the table. To the woman's hungry eyes they gleamed tauntingly; she was carried away by the glint of the coral as the beads fell softly through her fingers. She felt as if she had never longed for anything in her life as she longed for these bits of jewelry. She at last asked the price in a faltering manner and was stunned by the answer. She shook her head, but continued to gaze



at the jewels which seemed to hypnotize her. The fat man smiled and mentioned a bargain; with trembling fingers Miss Sarah laid a month's hard earned wages on the scratched glass of the counter. Having done so, she turned, and, clutching her small package, walked with unsteady steps out into the daylight, for it was still daylight; the clouds seemed to have lifted a bit.

On reaching her bare room, the little seamstress feverishly untied the string and, as the contents of the crinkled paper fell into her hand, a shudder of fright crept over her. Was this what she had changed for the toil of one long month? The money which was to pay for rent and fuel gone on pure pleasure Had she been mad? Sensations of remorse and guilt passed through her mind, and a sense of unfairness to Lucile sickened her; Lucile would have to carry a heavier burden that month. Should she take them and sell them again? Little Miss Allen wavered; then a picture of Mrs. Elliot, for whom she had sewed that day, swathed in jewels, came to her mind; she straightened up and felt the lovely things in her lap with the pride and air of an owner.

She wrapped the pin up carefully and gave it to Lucile on her birthday; she herself that evening was wearing a string of coral beads.

* * * * * * * * * *

Years passed. Miss Allen's hair had grown grayer, and her face had grown thinner, while a weary look in her eyes suggested the worries of a narrow life. But she still had her coral beads, and when she glanced at them, they held her fascinated, reassured. She was noticing, however, of late, that they seemed to be growing lighter; a curious transparency was showing in places. This discovery tantalized and worried Miss Sarah. It suddenly dawned on her that the string of coral beads which had so enthralled her, and helped to cheer her all these years, was nothing but fake—fake—pale, cheap stones, painted a gorgeous coral red. With the realization she felt sick—felt herself old. And then came a desperate desire to do something about it—but what—perhaps if she took them back— . . . And then one day she returned to the little shop. She found the short, dirty man's successor and showed him her once prized possession—was there anything he could do about it? The man behind the counter looked at the string through narrowed eyes,



stared at Miss Allen a moment, then promising to let her hear from him shortly, bowed her from the shop.

One week passed, then one morning as she was about to set out on her day's work, Miss Allen was accosted by the janitor, who handed her an important looking letter, all covered with stamps. Her heart fluttered as her mind groped after the light that would explain this unprecedented occurrence. With trembling hands she tore open the envelope, and fixing her glasses tighter on her nose, the seamstress, standing in the cold gray light which filtered in through a grimy window, read the letter:

Dear Madame:

We have the honor to acquaint you with the fact that you are the possessor of a most rare treasure. The jewels you left with Messrs. Schmidt and Co., have been turned over to us, and have now been identified as a long sought string of pink pearls. We have every reason to believe that they were presented to Marie Antoinette by a courtier of France at the time of her coronation, for on a hidden part of the clasp appear the almost obliterated letters, L de Pa M. A.; and the crest is that of the Queen.

We beg that you will authorize us what you wish done with the string. In the meantime we are commissioned to offer you, in case you would consider parting with the pearls, the price of ninety-five thousand dollars.

Hoping to hear from you in the near future, we are

Your obedient servants,

BALL, BLACK & CO.
GEORGIA HENKEN.

*"Coral-Colored Luck" won the prize offered by The Cupola Staff for the best short story.



OUR EXPRESSION CLASS

"EXPRESSION," according to Miss Frances, "is not 'Expression' at all! There is not a more delusive word in the English language, for expression implies the commonplace, and, as those privileged to membership in this class know, there is nothing commonplace whatever, about either the class, or its pursuits. Into its two, weekly, half-hour periods, are crammed, by some mystic force, the development and amazing growth of lovely voices, (*most* necessary to a lady according to one of Miss Cole's well-known quotations), as well as pleasant faces radiating clear, organized thought, and posture that might even meet with Miss Stuart's approval! In short, this expression class would seem to be a complete preparatory course for life in any of its phases—but let us glance at its mechanism during a period of production.

The bell has rung, and the class is assembled, the "reliables" in the front row, who have prepared their speeches and are serenely gazing out of the window; and the rest of the class, perched on the side of the gym against a radiator, panic-stricken and wide-eyed, hoarsely demanding to know "What is the assignment?" and superfluously adding that "they haven't done it!" The roll is taken quickly. It is a small class, and each member is thereby given ample time to speak. This period of time, however, includes: 15 seconds to carefully place one's book under the chair, 5 seconds to take a last, desperate glance at a maddeningly inadequate outline, and whisper "help" to one's next-door neighbor, 10 seconds for a painful breath, and a pleading glance at Miss Frances (invariably unrewarded)—and the desperate plunge: The talk has begun and with it, action in the back row—Notes are now in order, and explosive giggles occur, followed in rapid succession by the turning of heads, the creaking of chairs, and the dropping of several books, theme pads, and forbidden mail, but a glance from Miss Frances, plus a significant pause from the infuriated and miserable speaker, instantly quells this disturbance. Law and order reign for a few disconcerting moments, then the tension is broken by a yawn—some one puts her arm in a bored but consoling manner along the back of the next chair. It is more comfortable and satisfactory, thus. The "talk" is meanwhile progressing with difficulty. There seems to be a slightly confused condition in the mind of the



speaker as to logical sequence of thought, and the sentence structure, one may tell from Miss Frances' brow, is not quite as it would have been, had it enjoyed a longer period of preparation. At length, words cease altogether, and a forlorn, repentant bit of uniformed humanity queries "Shall I sit down?" It seems that this is the wisest plan, and the above-mentioned disappears from view, with a rather unsuccessful but would-be brave smile.

Silence----------?

The speaker tugs nervously at her tie, under Miss Frances' accusing gaze, anticipating—and receiving no kindly praise. Instead one catches a wrathy murmur of "Twaddle! mere twaddle, immature thinking, *twaddle*: Now next time, those girls who were unprepared today, will give me a *talk*, not just so many empty, meaningless *words* strung together, but a logical, intelligent—"

BELL!

MIRIAM GROSVENOR.

HYMNS

AT church, when the service is long, and dull, I rather enjoy watching the types of men who attend. One of these often found in the country church at home is the neighborhood type, who towers above everyone else in the congregation with his enormous lumbering shoulders. He is obviously dressed in his best Sunday suit, a grey suit, and his shoes, with bumpy round toes, have been polished just that morning.

"Must I be carried to the skies
On flowery beds of ease?"

His voice booms out slightly off-key both with the arduous, and the worship of God. My imagination runs wild. I see him floating through space on a huge bunch of buttercups, amid many little buttercups. I hope he gets to heaven.

ALICE CARY KIMBALL.



ON MEMORIZING POETRY

WHEN I was very young, I once overheard my mother observe that I had a good memory. What special proof she had for that deduction, I have never been able to discover, but I took her statement for granted, and thereafter displayed my powers of retention on every possible occasion, and being an only child, such occasions were numerous. It was not until I came to M. V. S., however, that I paid the penalty of trusting a doting parent's opinion, and learned the added folly of self-revelation, for at some period in the beginning of my academic career in this institution—in a moment of rash candor, I made the fatal mistake of confiding to a certain English teacher—that I had once memorized "The Essay On Man" in twenty minutes. How bitterly I came to regret that statement, I alone can tell, for from that day on, all I did was to recite quantities of the classics in order that in my soul I might recognize the Shakespeariority of Shakespeare and the Miltonicness of Milton.

Now it is one thing to do a spectacular stunt once in your lifetime such as memorizing "The Essay On Man" in twenty minutes, but quite another to recite continuously, day after day, ten lines of somebody or other's philosophy of beauty in the abstract. Realizing the difference, I tried to impart my discriminating knowledge to the aforesaid anonymous pedagogue, but she, like the rest of her species, put me very rapidly in my place. Being Scotch—I clung tenaciously to my point, but of course I fought a losing battle. As I recall it, the conflict in question had two outstanding campaigns which, for the sake of clearness, I shall designate as the "Paradise Lost Encounter," and the "Wisdom and Spirit of the Universe Siege." Now I'm perfectly willing to admit that, after due search, I extracted from Milton all the promised qualities, and I was willing to leave it at that, but no—I must not only have a printed copy of the poem but a mental copy as well. I started out bravely enough, but after a few days the strain became too intense, so I called time out. Evidently my A. W. O. L. was not O. Ked, for I have distinct recollections of pacing circles in the Optima carpet to the tune "Of man's first disobedience" and the next day reciting a large section of the first book of Paradise Lost at a rate more rapid than the fall of Satan.



Thus ended the first campaign. Time has somewhat assuaged its pain, but the second or "Wisdom and Spirit of the Universe Siege" is too recent a defeat for me to recount it in detail. I never did like Wordsworth; I like him now less than ever, but I sat in class for days on end and listened to his life, his poetry, his this and his that, and behaved in a model fashion. I even learned some twenty or thirty lines of the divine "Prelude," but there was a breaking point and I reached it when we came to "Wisdom and Spirit of the Universe." One day I neglected to recite, I was sent to study hall. I didn't recite for several days; matters grew worse. The opposition became wrathful and yet more wrathful; I became panicky and yet more panicky. Her voice became a rumble, the room a torture chamber—my blood was ice, my teeth as uncontrollable as a window pane against the wind and almost as noisy in their rattling. Still I held out. Of course it couldn't last—I knew it, so after several weeks—I sat in class one day, eyes shut, mind blank and in one deep breath "Wisdom and Spirit of the Universed" it through fifty lines. The atmosphere cleared, the class progressed, and I was left a victim on the scrap heap of a lost cause. If ever I gambol in Elysian Fields, I shall certainly corral some of the Immortals and have them radio the M. V. S. English department to the effect that memory work is *not* an essential entrance requirement to heaven.

ALICE V. CAMPBELL.

ANASTASIA THE GOLDEN

I HAVE heard people go into ecstacies over a certain pet cat, dog, or rabbit, but when it comes to choosing an animal companion, give me the goldfish. At home my Anastasia swims to and fro, in her glass bowl by the dining-room window, moving as quietly and mechanically as an oiled hinge. She is never any trouble; for her perfect deportment and graceful bearing render her an ideal associate at all times. She is the very mistress of etiquette, and her manners are the essence of propriety and daintiness. I am under the impression that Anastasia never misses what is going on around her. Wherever I move, her goggly, staring eyes follow me, and I am unable to lose the feeling



that she is trying to pry into my deepest thoughts. Occasionally a dreadful rage seizes me and I am provoked by her continual serenity—I have a surging desire to clutch poor, innocent Anastasia by the neck, if a goldfish may be said to have such a thing, and choke her to death, so those watery orbs could no longer question my actions. And yet how stupid she looks—her mouth opening and closing in a slothful, camel-like fashion—but sometimes I think she knows more about the ways of the world, in spite of her quiet guise, than many scientists with their noisy boastings. As Anastasia navigates peacefully through the waters of her globe dwelling, showing stoical determination to take life as it comes, I obtain complete relief for my troubled soul by merely gazing at her, and watching her lazy way of existing, the delicate manner she has of waving her fins and tail, and her whimsical facial expression. Without a doubt, Aanastasia means more to me than Laddie Boy does to President Coolidge—though I have no desire to suggest a debate with him on the subject—she is wonderful, she is worth her weight in gold.

ELEANOR MILLER.

HIS MONUMENT

MR. SYKES was pleased. His teeth would not occupy his thoughts for six months now—and then too, he had the spiteful satisfaction of knowing a tooth had been filled painlessly. Mr. Sykes had no doubt but what the dentist had put forth every effort to bring agony into the anaesthetic state on which the patient insisted, for the doctor from the first had not approved of gas for such an occasion. But dentists are proverbially wicked, so Mr. Sykes laughed inwardly at the thought of having fooled the man so thoroughly—for pain had not even been suggested in the dream he had had. No indeed! it had lifted him to higher spheres, and he had experienced an airy lightness as remarkable as it was pleasurable to a man of such sturdy build.

Mr. Sykes had felt himself floating over a little country town—the place of his birth—clad in flowing garments of white. Down he looked, and saw a dozen men in princely garments, followed by thousands of



more common people, march into the cemetery and lay wreaths of gorgeous roses at the foot of an enormous tombstone. Mr. Sykes gently propelled himself forward out of curiosity to see to whom such kings were paying homage. "George Bernard Sykes" large letters told him; and the patient awoke with a start.

As he trudged homewards, he thought of that dream—and suddenly he felt that he had seen a vision. It was not long before this chance observance became a conviction; and in the days that followed, his frequent spells of dizziness, which physicians had blamed on high blood pressure caused by an excess weight of fifty or sixty pounds, he knew as confirmations of that conviction. He realized that perhaps to some people the thought of building a tomb to oneself, before one's death, might seem a bit eccentric—but he knew that it was an ancient Chinese custom, and it appeared to him very wise.

Chicago's leading architects were consulted, and plan after plan was submitted for his approval. Feverishly he went about the work of selecting a suitable monument—for such he has always called it—and eventually a design was brought to him that completely entranced him. Quickly the greatest authorities were notified of the signal honor in store for them, and labor was started. Rose bushes were selected and set aside —and in two months, towards the month of June, the monument was nearing completion.

It had taken a long time, but Mr. Sykes was pleased with the results. This, the crowning heritage of the ages, was a gift, a memorial worthy of such a man. Huge in size, oblong in shape it was; one side smooth, the other rough, and it was on the latter that "George Bernard Sykes" was wrought in great letters.

Then, one day, it occurred to him that it would be a splendid idea to surprise his aunt with a visit, a day or two after the arrival of his monument. Fifteen years had passed since he had seen her last—and, too, this was an adequate opportunity to bask in the homage of his home town. Images grew before him; he saw the train pull into the city nearest that village—transcontinental roads did not pass through the place of his birth—he saw himself dismount amid the flattering silence of a large committee sent to meet this honored townsman, and finally his



journey from the city depot to his town, a path of roses trampled 'neath the hoofs of champing steeds that drew his bedecked and triumphant chariot. And not the least of this vision was a gay band that met him with "Hail, the Conquering Hero Comes," and the scorn with which he met the obsequious pleas of boyhood enemies, to be allowed to scrape the mud from Mr. Sykes' shoes.

The thought obsessed him more and more, and at last a fitting announcement to his aunt of his impending visit came to mind. He knew that, having written her when work on the monument was first started, this decision was of too recent a date to warrant any discovery of it by her. In fact, his last letter had spoken of little besides the monument, of his belief that people often let these things go too long, and of his high blood pressure. Mr. Sykes had exaggerated the seriousness of the latter tremendously, and on purpose, because his aunt had criticized his choice in stationery, which fact he had heartily resented. So Mr. Sykes decided on the date of his departure, and consequently, of his arrival, and called up the society column of the newspaper in order to give the staff correct data and wording. His announcement was: "Mr. George Bernard Sykes, esteemed professor of this city, returns to the place of his birth, Grant in New York, on July 10th. He will reach his destination the following day at noon." He had timed himself so well that a copy of this edition could be sent to his home, and would arrive—with the monument—two days before he himself would.

That being done, Mr. Sykes instructed the tombstone company to send the monument at once, and have their agents notify his aunt of its arrival. When all these important details had been arranged in a manner designed to especially impress Grant, Mr. Sykes packed his trunk, his bags, and awaited the fatal day.

Finally the hour came, and George Bernard Sykes pulled out of the station in ecstatic anticipation. The jaunty tilt of a checkered cap, which he wore constantly on train trips, was arresting—and this appearance was not belied by his air of enthusiastic importance. For an hour or so he occupied his section quietly, merely twiddling his thumbs and beaming out on the flying scenery. To tell the truth, the beauty of the latter was doubtful, for Chicago's coal yards and tenements have never been noted for artistic value. So Mr. Sykes' enraptured silence proved



the abstract matter of his thoughts. Then suddenly his expression changed, idle dreams were dropped for a moment when the realization came upon him that only a day remained before his admiring home town would greet him and he had no speech! What could he say that would uplift them to greater appreciation and yet retain a distance between them? But still, he pondered, attaining the first would also be gaining the last, for certainly the more they realized his superiority to the common herd, the more they would realize their own inferiority. For a few moments he concentrated his intellectual powers towards this end, thinking of his words and method of treating the matter. He rather hoped they would not applaud, for there came to mind the memory of Lincoln's Gettysburg oration, and the unbroken silence of a multitude that was too moved by the great thought to materially express approval of those words. And this decided the length of the Sykes masterpiece.

After some time, his pen stopped moving, and he read over the words that were formed to inspire to greater heights the people of his birthplace:

"Friends of a happy childhood, today I come to you again—happy with joyous memories of you, and with the thought that despite honors conferred upon me by the world, I return the simple boy you loved. National glory can never spoil the truly great, so I bring to you the enthusiasm of boyhood days, only intensified by a greater knowledge. The quarrels of my youth are forgotten in the kindly thoughts I hold for you. And when I am gone, may you say over my tomb to enquiring tourists, "This is our monument to George Bernard Sykes, who even with worldly fame, returned to help his townsmen—the primitive friends of his youth. I can ask no greater reward."

Mr. Sykes rehearsed his benign expression, his emotional tones—the last, in his mind, of course—and settled down to a little doze, with the satisfaction of him who has expended every effort towards a worthy cause.

The next morning was spent in learning his words. And then, at last, he arrived at Grant—a dignified figure whose fever of excitement only shown from his blue eyes that fairly popped from behind a pair of shining nose spectacles.





His baggage was off, and Mr. Sykes reached the bottom step of the car. He extended his hand benevolently—"Friends"— he began, when suddenly a grating voice shouted "All aboard!" in his surprised ear, and George Bernard Sykes was rudely pushed to the station platform. His aunt, and a buxom woman, advanced heavily draped in black. Where was the committee? the band?

"George!" his aunt spoke sharply. "We thought you were dead! What does this mean?—your high blood pressure, and that hideous tombstone! Come, bring your bags! There is no room in the car—we didn't expect you alive. Hurry! hurry! get into the hearse!"

No committee, no band with streamers flying, no cheering multitude to welcome home their hero—another furtive glance assured Mr. Sykes of this awful truth. To what avail had he written that speech? Then suddenly, as they neared a shining Ford roadster and that lugubrious conveyance, Mr. Sykes bethought him of the golden chariot in which he was to have ridden home. Tears sprang to his eyes.

"Hurry!" said his aunt.

Her nephew sighed, and climbed slowly, heavily, into the hearse.

PRISCILLA HIGINBOTHAM.

NEVER AGAIN

THERE was a book among those millions of other books that fairly made me dizzy. Violent yellow spirals swirled around on its purple cover. I was hypnotized; I couldn't help myself; I bought it. And thus my troubles began. When I finally regained my bewildered senses and opened the pages, I found myself the proud but astonished possessor of a volume of *very* modern poetry. I began to read. The first poem was peculiar; the second poem was ambiguous; the third contented itself with three short lines that didn't mean anything at all. This is the fourth one:

"Honky Tonk in Cleveland, Ohio."
"It's a jazz affair, drum crashes and cornet razzes.





The trombone pony neighs and the tuba jackass snorts,
The banjo tickles and titters too awful.
The chippies talk about the funnies in the papers.
The Cartoonists weep in their beer.
Ship riveters talk with their feet
To the feet of floozies under the tables.
A quartet of white hopes mourn with interspersed snickers:

"I got the blues.
I got the blues.
I got the blues."

And—as we said earlier:

"The cartoonists weep in their beer." What does it mean? What are chippies and floozies? They sound like something in a children's magazine, but no, they have something to do with ship riveters' feet under the tables. My education seems to be sadly lacking. I never heard of them before. I never heard either of a tuba jackass. But the thing that worries me most is why the cartoonists weep in their beer. Are the floozies to blame, or do people act that way in Cleveland, Ohio? Oh! this poem! What is it all about? It's driving me mad! My brain is swirling more wildly than the crazy streaks on that wicked cover. I give up. And as for modern poetry—never again!

MARIE HORST.

LIKE A RED RAG

THERE is a certain kind of girl in school that I detest. She is usually very pretty, but she never fails to get on the Star Honor Roll every month in the year. If she did a little honest work for an hour or two a day, perhaps I could bear her, for I can forgive the poor, good-hearted little book-worms that slave all hours of the day and are thrilled to death if they make the honor roll once in a lifetime like myself. But this disgraceful personage is never seen to study a moment. She avoids books as if they were poison. When you ask her how much time she spent on the French you toiled over for two hours, she gives a little gay laugh—which jars your nerves considerably,



and says, "Oh, I just did that in the fifteen minutes I had after getting supplies."

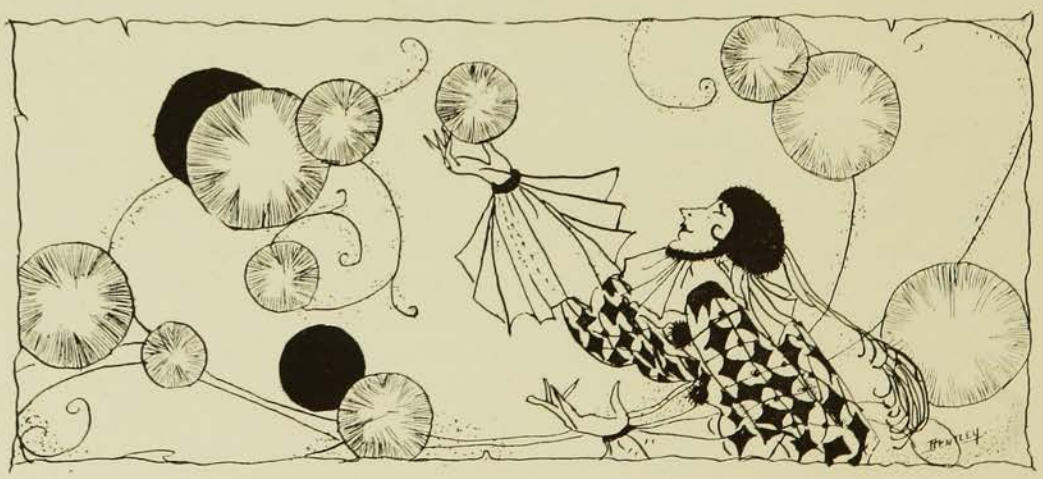
I received direct information from her room-mate that at four o'clock the afternoon before, she took off her shoes and dress, pulled the comforter up comfortably around her, read "College Humor," dozed, stretched, yawned luxuriously, and took her bath. That night after Glee Club, she wrote specials to three of her friends and at ten minutes to ten she exclaimed, "Oh, my lessons!" and finished them all in that time.

She loves to boast about it, and gives me humorous and pitying glances in class when I exhibit ten carefully written pages of algebra—all wrong.

But one day, one little gleam, one little ray of hope pierced my blackest desperation; I actually discovered her studying at nine-twenty. And she declared she never studied overtime!

I hate her so much that I love to think that in the eerie hours of the morning she rises softly and, with her little candle, tip-toes down the stairs to study hall and passes the long hours of the dawn in painful application. To imagine this is the only method I have of keeping myself from assaulting her whenever I see her.

MARARET DAWES.





SPECIALS

I've been in school, a boarding school, for many years, you see;
I've been a most observing girl and so, it seems to me,
Because we've been so spoiled at home, we're sent away to school;
We're poured into some uniforms and told about the rule.
We should be individual, but never an exception—
For *that's* the very baddest thing in all adult conception.

Now I don't mean to criticize, but this I'd like to hear,
How *can* we be so general when Specials grin and leer?
They meet us every time we move, or turn, or even stir;—
But let me state—the case quite straight—an answer may occur.
First of all, there is, you see, the special mail deliv'ry.
It sends poor girls into a thrill and turns them red and quiv'ry;

It comes at such odd moments, too, you're on the way to class,
And as you go, some loving friends just whisper, as they pass,
"Oh, say, you've got a special, and it's hanging on your door."
Which makes it *most* intriguing when your room's on second floor;
But the very most delightful time is when they come at night;
At two of ten Rudolph brings them, and then, out goes your light.

Each one of us tries level best to live as she's commissioned,
But, oh, the times we simply *must* be specially permissioned.
Sister has a birthday which requires a little gift;
We surely must go shopping—there *is* no other shift;
And then there comes a note from Bob in which he gently writes:
"My darling, I must see you more, just let me know what night."
And then to poor Miss Slauson with sweet, sad face you sigh,
"He's on his way to Timbuctoo, please, may we say good-bye?"

Of course the're things and *things* we do and these contain *no* kick.
In fact, when they come 'round, *some* girls of them fall deathly sick;
We go to concerts, operas, take culture in a mob,
And when we miss these rare affairs you never hear a sob.
But now and then some special things come 'round for us to see;
The cherry blossoms bloom profuse, *then there's* the Harvard Glee,
Palm Sunday takes us all to church, spring clothes a-flaunting gay.
Imagine just what fun it is, green-bussing all the way.





These very special happenings have not all yet been told;
We have events, right here at school, whose mem'ry leaves *me* cold.
We have a special dancing class in which we learn the grip;
We tango, waltz and two-step 'round, without a single trip.
But best of all and oh, by far the very most exclusive
There reigns the special posture class, all tortures there inclusive.
I can not bear to speak of it for, friends, I once was in it.
So if you are inclined to slouch, beware, and don't begin it.

They always say a woman spends her cash and time on clothes.
Well, if that's true, at M. V. S. 'twill bring her many woes.
We have one dress, and *only* one—What, do I hear you sigh?
Ah yes, for *those* dear gowns, my friends, to all of us are nigh.
That they are sweet and simple, and girlish—there's no doubt
But they'd have been all this, and more, with several yards left out.
But girls, cheer up, for we have cause to give our heartfelt thanks
For *he's* not here to realize how much we look like tanks.

And now I ask you, since you've heard, am I not in the right?
How *can* we all be just the same when specials meet our sight?
It isn't good psychology, and that is surely true,
To expect us to be special in things we all can do.
And yet there is another thought which drives resentment out,
If it weren't for all these specials what *would* we talk about?
So here's to all our specials—with just one last word prudent,
Don't ever ask Miss Cole to be a very *special* student.

ALICE V. CAMPBELL.

CURRENT EVENTS CLASS

AS regularly as Wednesday comes around, we gather in the gymnasium to lend an eager ear to Miss Messenger, who, as her name suggests, is always the bearer of the latest news. She is a living associated press, pathe news, and rotogravure section.

The only thing in this line that we seem to be able to master is the name of our esteemed President. Two in our midst are unusually talented in recalling the name of the Vice-President, but I have not yet found out their method. These same two have a most unfortunate habit



of acquainting us with the personal and domestic habits of some "Uncle Charlie" of theirs; why these disclosures should interest us is beyond my imagination.

The class usually begins with an interrogation as to the most interesting item we have lately noticed in the papers. There follows such a forest of arms and flinging of hands that one is secretly glad that said appendages are securely fastened. Pupils making the gestures are gradually relieved of their burdens of information, which show a variety of opinions, to say the least. The subjects range from bootlegging to the freedom of the seas; after all, what could be more current events?

Occasionally a witticism finds its way into these recitations, and Kellogg is exhibited as the kitchen cabinet king; this being, however, a low form of wit, let us consider it as negligible. In conclusion, I cannot express the credit due, and the thanks we owe to this short period each week in which we review the troops of world topics.

JANET GARDNER.

REHEARSALS

UNTIL I took part in the Junior Play, and rehearsals assumed as important and fixed a place in the day's routine as meals, I had always attached to them a certain intangible romance. The mere idea of a well-produced play developing from a small gray manuscript and a handful of ideas, was, in itself, fascinating. Then too, rehearsals seemed to afford, to those taking part in them, such convenient loopholes of escape from the less pleasant aspects of school life. They exempted the budding young artists from attending Congress; from having a little extra seance over a long-due geometry paper; or even from expiating to its fullest extent some sin for which they had been put in Study Hall. To realize how willingly the girls devoted their precious Saturday mornings to the pursuit of dramatics was mentally to class them among those beautiful souls who sacrifice all for bigger and better art. Alas, another disillusionment awaited me!

The first cloud to mar the perfect horizon presented itself on the day of the second rehearsal. Returning from posture class at four-



thirty, we found ourselves confronted with an apparently insoluble problem—Given: three girls, one bath tub, one-half hour. To prove: Rehearsal can be reached by five o'clock. In times such as these one is forced to forget that a perfect lady cannot dress in less than half an hour.

We soared to unbelievably eloquent heights when we practiced in our rooms, and became quite eager to display our progress to Miss Frances. How discouraging, therefore, to forget our parts at the crucial moment, and be requested to repeat each simple gesture at least twenty times? How embarrassing to realize that our intelligence was not sufficient to enable us to walk backwards, in a diagonal line, across the stage!

Those uplifting Saturday mornings! We thought, rather ruefully, as the hours passed, of our roommates devouring chocolate pie at Reeves, and hoped that they were inspired with the proper amount of sympathy for us. We began surreptitiously to wonder if the desirability of being self-sacrificing in the cause of art was as pronounced as we used to think it.

And the romance! The last vestige of it had fled by the end of one week as the first act began to assume that grotesque sound which only constant repetition can give.

I might, in fact I intendeed, to add a noble sentiment on the value of the statement that "practice makes perfect," but I am undone. I have just been reminded that it is time to rehearse with the Junior Gym Team.

MIRANDA BOYD.

ON THE DELICATE TASK OF PUTTING A FRIEND'S BEST FOOT FORWARD

LAURA is as lovely a girl as I have ever known, though I admit she is rather eccentric and most unconventional. I had roomed with her for a whole year at school, and had found her not only a loyal friend, but an exceedingly likable person. I may add that I had spent most of the year learning to understand her.

Laura had lost her mother when she was quite young, and she had been brought up by five maiden aunts. Perhaps it is from them that she



acquired some of the peculiarities. Unlike most aunts, however, they had never felt it their duty to keep an eye on their niece. But then, to be sure, any aunt might have hesitated before giving an eye to Laura, unless, like the lady in the fairy tale, she had an extra one for general use. The strain would have been great, and, as one might say, fairly constant.

It was June, and Laura was coming to visit me. I was fond of Laura and I had fallen into the way, my eyes being strong and rather far-sighted, of keeping her pretty well within my line of vision. I was very eager for mother to like her. If only she would! I felt the two could do so much for each other. Mother could, in a way tone down the recklessness of my friend, while Laura, I was sure, could make mother see many things in a much clearer, broader way than I had ever been able to.

I warned mother by long distance that Laura was an awfully sweet, but unconventional girl, more or less a law unto herself; and I warned Laura just before we reached home that mother disliked people ever to overstep the conventional border-line. I felt rather pleased with those two moves; it seemed to me they showed a good deal of tact and diplomacy, and a certain social sense. But Laura had not been many hours under the same roof with my mother before I realized that I had succeeded in frightening them both, which was, of course, the last thing on earth that I should have done.

And now there followed a strange two weeks. When I arranged it so that mother and Laura might have a little talk, Laura would immediately become very formal, and mother would pretend to be exceedingly gay and flippant. When I got the stage all set for a porch chat, Laura would talk about "The Mill on the Floss," and mother would positively interrupt her to talk about clothes. When I got them nicely together in the back seat of the car, mother never once failed to insist that we should go to the country club, though Laura always asked her if some day she might not go to the cathedral so she could take some notes on the architecture for her art class next year.

As time went on, I saw that Laura liked mother, though she was never at ease with her, but I knew that mother didn't like Laura at all. I was desperate! I had spoiled it all with my good intentions, and as a



result I was terribly miserable. Why hadn't I left them alone? Even Laura's blunders would be better than her awful high-brow attitude. If only they would be themselves for one little minute. But they never were.

One night after Laura had gone, mother said casually: "My dear, I thought you told me that Laura was eccentric and unconventional. But I found her so like other people that she was almost uninteresting. She seemed to think out every single word before she uttered it, and was not at all the reckless kind of girl that I expected. I rather wish that she hadn't been so colorless."

Laura colorless! I could only gasp.

And now Laura would be just as reckless in the future—perhaps more so—because of mother's assumed flippancy. And mother's conventional point of view had not been modified at all by Laura—for my benefit. The visit had been a failure, and all because I had unwisely tried to put my friend's best foot forward.

ELIZABETH COUNCIL.

RECITALS

THERE will be a recital in Great Hall at eight o'clock this evening. Please carry your chairs in quietly."

Recitals are recitals, but we at Mount Vernon know that there is a spirit of impending comedy, tragedy, and obvious exercise implied in this announcement. The lightly-mentioned, stiff-back dining room chairs have been laboriously transported into Great Hall, and duly placed in rows of such straightness as to warm the heart of a mathematical genius. As the hour dawns, the fortunate artists whose talents will be displayed that night, come slowly in and appropriate the front seats. Their hands are cold. They are enveloped in almost visible auras of suspense. Sounds seem to come from great distances. No—not so great, after all. There is a decided noise of confusion in the back of the suddenly vast room. It is the surging mob scrambling for the couch. Five of fortune's favorites are finally ensconced in the universally desired haven, and the rest of Mount Vernon find places in the files of Puritan-backed chairs. There is a rustle of anticipation, which



slowly subsides and gives way to an expectant silence as Miss Cole appropriately and encouragingly presents the little group.

The recital begins. Piece after piece is played and enthusiastically applauded. An occasional unfortunate or ill-bred program rustles. Harp, violin and piano yield their loveliest tones to persuasive fingers, and well-known voices soar to clear and thrilling heights in new or familiar songs.

As for the audience—the girls on the couch, glorying in luxurious comfort, thoroughly enjoy every moment. But the other hundred and twenty-five specimens of flowering maidenhood are rather less at ease. They begin to be painfully aware of the construction of the chairs beneath them. They learn that there are two horizontal rings holding together the front and back legs, which make it a super-human feat to comfortably twine their ankles thereabout. They distinctly feel the presence of four bars in the backs of these same chairs, which unfortunately, were not fashioned in accordance with the human spine.

But the recital goes on. Some one plays a very modern composition, interesting, but unfamiliar, and a few of the listeners, who are sadly lacking in musical education or appreciation, do not realize that the seeming discords are not such at all, and listen uneasily to the girl who makes these supposed mistakes. Finally the last piece is concluded. The recital has been a great success. Mount Vernon, with inspired soul and elated spirit betakes itself to bed.

MARIE HORST.

SCHOOL WALKS

SCHOOL WALKS! the very mention of this misery-producing phase of our M. V. S. life imbues us with a sense of that utter resignment which only the absolute knowledge of one's unhappy fate can produce. How can that sinking sensation that haunts our minds all through the morning and is produced by the realization of the wretchedness to come—be analyzed? It invests us with strange longings; longings for colds, weak spines, recent appendix, flat feet and even papillomas; longings which never, somehow, seem to materialize, and whose futility becomes all too evident by two fifteen as, offensively healthy, we gird ourselves for the fray.



It has been said that "hope springs eternal in the human breast," so perhaps this is why we ever yearn that a trifle of her love for the great open spaces may have bereft Miss Pennington of its inspiring presence. Regularly, however, this is speedily perceived not to be the case, so, setting our teeth with that determination born of hopelessness, we forge ahead to do battle with the elements (for is there not a pot of gold at the rainbow's end?)

Our more athletic members speedily take the lead, and in their great zeal guide us over hills and dales, through meadows, woods and streams, and then realize, as we pass the tenth town, that a wilderness heretofore unknown, confronts them with the problem of how to lead their trusting followers home when they have no idea where home is. This problem appears, at first, impossible to some, but cheered by the decision as to what state we are now passing through, some child of wisdom offers the valuable suggestion that we return as we came. Needless to say we comply with alacrity.

What a sorry sight we are as we limp up the driveway; hair hanging untidily about, faces red and chapped from a rude wind's buffeting, eyes filled with torturing cinders, and every bone aching unbearably. Hours pass before we are restored to our normal physical selves, and a bit of the feeling that we are slowly becoming hardened to the cruel ways of a cruel world never entirely leaves us.

At the close of the long day, it is a fervent prayer that goes up from the heart of every weary "school-walker"—"I will swim; play tennis, golf and even baseball, do track and always exercise with energy; but, oh deliver me from another school-walk!"

MIRANDA BOYD.

SWIMMING

THIS is written as a solemn warning to new girls, and with an earnest desire for their welfare. Those of you who "simply adore swimming," and would "just love to take it up" should think twice before you gleefully sign for Mt. Vernon's favorite indoor "sport." It *is* fun, but it is quite different from the sunny days at the ocean the summer before.



We had expected to wear our bright bathing suits of warm wool, but Miss Stuart and Miss Davis dispelled this fond illusion in two seconds, and left our hopes as gray and skimpy as the cotton bathing suits they gave us. Furthermore, careful as we were in ordering, these aforesaid suits never seemed to fit us, for they would either hang in folds around our ample forms or fit almost too well to please most of us. After we had sewn our name tapes carefully and painstakingly in four different places before they were in the right position, we joyously romped down to the swimming pool, innocent of the fate ahead of us. Miss Stuart only needed to be convinced that we could all keep alive in the pool, and stay at least one-fourth of the time above the water before she was ready to begin.

"All right, girls," she chuckled, maliciously smacking her lips at her victims, "with your hands straight in front of you, and your face down, flutter-kick down to the end of the pool without breathing. Be sure to open your eyes." And some of us had sniffed at the length of the pool! It was endless! Since it was not broad enough for all, we were forced to go four across. This might have been fine, if we had had any idea of team-work, and had not some of the girls entered solely for the joy of knocking people's heads. But as it was, we gave up, finally, half-way down the pool, red-faced, gasping and stunned with blows. Half-drowned, we struggled out of the water, and tried our luck at dives. And here even more drastic measures were taken. Miss Stuart needed only to know we had tried to dive once in our lives before we were immediately requested to make jacks, back-dives, and double somersaults. And, oh, what disasters occurred when we became inspired by Judy's perfect "swan." One "belly-flop" after another resounded and echoed till girls came rushing in to see what was the matter.

In case you don't believe we finally learned the art of diving, ask Anne Young. I had an interview with her myself, yesterday, and she said, taking a dainty sip of milk, "Yes, I have always said that it was Miss Stuart and my patent pair of old garters that made me keep my legs together, and dive in perfect form. It was the garters that made a success of my life, and made me win out at last."

And so life went on through all the weary weeks. After a half an hour of torture every day, we were ushered out, sniffling, into the hall where the icy blasts would force us to shoot upstairs.



If the "new girls" reading this still feel enthusiastic over swimming, I advise them to get over the fever at once by taking "Life Saving," a good method of legalized suicide. They will then forego the torture of training the last two weeks, and will not be haunted by the chocolate eclairs, cake, and candy they would otherwise have to miss.

MARGARET DAWES.

MONOLOGUE OF A TAXI-CAB DRIVER

THERE now, wouldn't you know it, just as I get to the cop he turns the sign. All right, ma'am, but I ain't got a pull with all the cops, you know, and they might happen to think I was breaking a traffic law, if I started charging through one of them stop signs. Yes, ma'am, I saw that horse and wagon, and if I hadn't, it would be too late to tell me now. Don't worry, I've been dodging them beasts for years. Only hit one of them in my life, and it wasn't my fault that time, neither. The animal was cross-eyed, and made a bee-line for my yellow cab—thought I was a bunch of carrots or something, I guess. No, ma'am, that wasn't no blow-out. My left hind fender sticks out a bit too far, and now and again it gets caught in the traffic, but it's flexible; it don't mind a little bump once in a while. Well, ma'am, if you insist on getting out, I guess I can't stop you. We're only about two blocks from the house, anyway, and if I can get you this far without a accident I ought to be able to get you two blocks farther. And I'm afraid you'll have to pay me just the same. I know I shook you up some, but you said you was in a hurry; what more can a fellow do? Eighty cents, please ma'am. No ma'am, that ain't no outrage, that's what the meter says; you can look for yourself; and if you don't want to pay ninety cents, you'd better park yourself on the sidewalk; it's surprising how quick them little figures jump when you ain't looking at 'em. Thankee, ma'am, sorry my taxi didn't suit you. Hang her, anyway. Three cents tip, just cause she didn't have no more change. I hope the next vehicle she rides in jolts her so bad that it gives her rheumatism.

CLARISSA WHITE.



WEEK-ENDS

"WEEK-END permissions are granted once a term, when the circumstances are entirely satisfactory to the school, and with the parents' written consent, and, when requested, a written invitation from the hostess as well." This paragraph, introductory to a section of the "Student's Hand Book," should, we sometimes feel, be made to read, "Week-end permissions are granted once in a life-time." For by the time one has made "the circumstances entirely satisfactory to the school," one is usually too faint and weary to pursue the week-end further; by the time parents and hostess realize what is expected of them, it is likely to be the following Monday morning.

A new girl, after reading the section aforementioned, is so bewildered that she is temporarily cured of any hope she may have had in the direction of week-ends. However, as the new girl gains courage, perseverance, and determination to accomplish the hard things in life, the nebulous week-end privilege looms rosily before her. To be sure, the old girls advise moderation in hopefulness; the Students' Council specifically warns of dangers by the way; but by this time, the girl has but one fixed idea—that all-joyous week-end that surely must be hers. Were it not for my ready sympathy with the disappointment of others, and a few recollections of my own, I should set down here in alphabetical order the list of those who have enjoyed the happy privilege of a well deserved week-end! The list would be brilliant, but not long.

But there is the other kind of week-end—the "stay-here-and-get-all-caught-up" kind, the kind which we may all enjoy. Alas, the irony of that phrase! Such a Saturday comes and such a Saturday goes. Its passage is something like a March wind; its accomplishments as fleeting and as intangible. Sunday is largely spent in avoiding collision with ourselves, as we come in and out of Great Hall. The week-end to be devoted to our mental improvement is over. Have we improved? Well, maybe we have.

So much for our week-ends—the kind we hope for and seldom get, the kind we get and have so little time to enjoy. These precious little spaces—the reward of work—and the fruit of play—keep the ball of happiness a-rolling, bless 'em:



"Balm of hurt minds, great nature's second course,
Chief nourisher in life's feast."

JANET GARDNER.

VALENTINES

WHEN we were very young, the little red heart with a gold arrow through the "I love you" meant a great deal; namely, that little Willie, with the generous smattering of red freckles and perpetually black hands, had chosen us to be his Valentine! Oh! magic words! His "Valentine!" Then, surely, after school Willie would wait for us outside the red brick school house and walk home with us, shyly offering his stick of red candy bought several weeks ahead of time, and carefully saved for this memorable event in the bottom of a crumbly pocket, helpfully covered with strings, tacks, marbles, forgotten remnants of a once prosperous gingerbread man, and—more strings, tacks, and marbles.

But the next year we scorned all freckled little Willies, and thrilled instead to the pale pink envelope containing the "I love you," stuck this time on a red heart edged with lace. (When we stop to think, how superior the lace made us feel!) Vision of the tough little boy who "beat up" fresh Freddie once for laughing at us, make funny little thrills chase each other up and down our skinny little spinal columns; and we beam in the proud consciousness of owning a protector: a big, brave boy who fights! O, delicious squeals of joy!

And the next year we still "love" our grand protector, although, perhaps, by then the prized title is held by someone else. And the Valentine with the picture of the boy and girl swinging over one gate together make us prance with delight. For do we not know that today, after school, Tommy will take us to the drug store, and we will sit on perilous, high stools, and eat marvellous drippy ice cream, and nonchalantly swing our feet together. (Only we didn't describe it that way).

However, during the coming year, we have undergone a great and fundamental change! We no longer like boys; we no longer like Valentines; we no longer like the lace, or the cupids! We loathe little boys; they break our dolls; they laugh at us; and we loathe them! Only



after urgent commands and entreaties do we enter "Dancing class." Here, at least, there is one consolation: we can stick out little red tongues at them from the side of the room, and they don't dare call us names in the awful presence of the dapper dancing master. We are intensely surprised and irresistibly intrigued one day when Jack, of the plastered hair and jaunty whistle, presents us with a lollypop. But, true to sex, we are immediately suspicious and warily inspect it before daring the first taste. But when Jack, hair sleeker than ever, and hands noticeably cleaner, approaches next day with a ticket for the movies, we heartily accept, and turn up shiny noses at the other little girls who point and scream, "Oh! Look-ee! Baby's gotta fel-la!" Then Valentine's Day comes, and Jack sends us a huge white heart, heavily besprinkled with paper lace, gold hearts, gold arrows, gold pictures, gold cupids, and the proverbial gold "I love you!" Oh! day of thrills! Will ever anything be so wonderful?

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What would we say then, if we could see the ten-pound boxes of candy, the telegrams, the roses, the orchids, and the diamond ring that arrived, as Valentine days go by with the coming years?

BETTI BETTISON.

QUIET DESPERATION

No ray of hope can penetrate the mood of quiet desperation. Quiet may be broken in upon, a desperate act averted; but quiet desperation as a mood is black, abysmal, inviolate. Black birds, by tens of thousands, settle on drooping shoulders and flap, flap, flap.

It is raining today, so much the better; the dreary drip, drip, drip, makes one a little quieter, a little more desperate. Just to wring one's hands once! To stalk the floor with angry, heavy tread would bring some relief, but to sit idly with folded hands and staring eyes—what blacker despair can be found? Just such a mood keeps company with me now. My thoughts resemble the carriages in a funeral procession. Across from me sits my roommate; I wonder that she can look pleasant



in such a sordid world. I look out of the window and see the sun suddenly shining. I pull the curtain and feel much better—and gloomier.

One by one the injustices done me parade themselves. Those odious words still ring in my ears. "No, Madge, we do not feel we can make an exception." "Feel?" Is this *feeling?* An exception! Why need I be an exception, for why need there be such a rule? That cherished week-end—slowly I see it recede behind the portals of "might have beens."

"Could you run down and see if the mail has come? I'm so busy," asks my absorbed roommate.

Of course, why not? I may not take my week-end, but I may still walk to Post Office Hall, I suppose. I go; my roommate has three letters! It does seem that one's friends might write when one is so far away from home. HOME! Then recalling the stack of unanswered letters lying on my desk, with quiet desperation, I face the task of answering them. But why answer letters in this state of utter hopelessness? Why answer letters in any state?

Mending! Of course, while there is life, there is always mending. I will mend. Here probably is my last pair of clean stockings. Here also is a sweet little run in one of them. It is perfectly certain that it was not there when I sent them to the laundry. Mend that run! Rather not.

My roommate speaks. "Sweet Remembrances." All other irritation fades into insignificance when compared to that occasioned by her conscientious prompting. And so I am to write a theme of four hundred words, am I, on a subject that brings absolutely no thought to my mind. I am to write lightly, humorously, on an inward agony. I seize my paper; I seize my pen; I seize my head. Am I to be light, graceful and amusing? I am not. Shall I find one little thought on this subject? I shall not. Shall I be able to rehash some of my old suggestions in such form as to pass for a new idea? Well perhaps, I may. At this point of sane questioning I break down; there settles upon me a blankness of so dark a hue that I know I am about to attempt—my theme:

. *Quiet Desperation!*

MADGE JARRATT.



THE GALLEON BELL

By Helen Raynor

Characters

Sarah Saxton----------Captain Saxton's Wife
Elvira Clayton----------A Neighbor
Annie----------The Hired Girl
Nathan Saxton----------The Son
Captain James Saxton----------Owner of the Mary Jane

Time: The Spring of 1840.

Place: The sitting room of a farm house in New England.

Sarah is a middle aged woman, plainly dressed. She is humming to herself while fussing around a small table, set for two.

Sarah: I never could trust that girl to have things right—thinking about her fellow, I s'pose. Nothin' on this earth would make her remember that I always want the salt handy. (She gets the salt, then sits down in an easy chair with a sigh, taking out a much worn letter, she reads):

"Sarah—It seems like a long time since I was home last. The hauls have been good all along, but the going for the last few days has been something terrible; a heavy sea and high wind all the time. The watch sighted a whale early, long a little after dawn, but it was too rough to swing the boats. I'm hopin' to bring the 'Mary Joyne' in port 'bout the last of this month. This is sent from a place 'long the coast where we stopped for supplies. How's Nathan? . . . James.

An' that was a-written four months ago. Oh! me, such men a galavantin' after whales year on end. (Rising goes over to window—looks out). It shure looks like a wet night out. Eh well! It's good weather for ducks. (Knock is heard. She goes towards the door). Come! (Elvira Clayton walks in). Step right in, Elviry, I'm mighty glad to see you.

Elvira: Thought I'd just drop in—and say howdy, neighbor, an' get your opinion on them lemon pies of Susan's—they're mighty tasteless, I think, and too soft.

Sarah: Drop that cape of yours, do, and set a while, Elviry. (Sarah takes cape and they both sit down). Company is just what I was



a lookin' fer—Yes, them pies was just like soup—she's mighty sparin' of good butter. I tell you that's one thing I never stint.

Elvira: Well, you and James was always good providers. (Stops and looks up). The weather's veering 'round rather sharp, ain't it now? The cock on Bayles' barn scarce knows which way to turn. Sakes goodness! You must be a-feeling mighty skittish 'bout James not coming back. (She looks at Sarah who says nothing—only looks away). The "Mary Jayne" is overdue already 'bout three months, isn't she? (Stops again. Still silence). I'm not meaning to make you feel bad, but it kind er puts one in mind of the "Thomas Oliver" that was expected back here and never came, that was a couple of years ago. You remember. Say! You haven't heard that bell of yours, have you? (She laughs—Sarah gives a start).

Sarah (quickly): Now don't you take on so, Elviry, 'taint no joke. If you recollect it was Sary that told you 'bout Silas even before you got the news. Maybe 'tis bewitched and maybe 'taint, but it seems mighty right to me.

Elvira: You was always mighty close 'bout it. Come tell me what ails it, I shan't tell a soul. Will always said I was close mouthed. (They laugh).

Sarah: Well, now it was like this: along back, when James and me was first married, his father, Cap'n Ed, you remember him, don't you? Well, he went off on a long voyage down to the South Seas, just tradin' and the like, and when he come back he fetched along this bell. (She stops as if finished).

Elvira: Well, go 'long, I know 'taint all.

Sarah: That's nigh about all excepting a yarn some old fellow told him 'bout it. I don't believe its true, mind you.

Elvira: (Heaves a sigh of relief and says aside): Well, it is about time she came up in the wind. It's going on five years that I've been waiting to hear this.

Sarah: It is this a-way. That bell belonged to some old man way down off Spain. He said it belonged to his Pa who'd gotten it from some Cap'n running short of change. It used to be on a hulking Spanish galleon. 'Twas very precious 'cause a priest had blessed it to be a



guide and bring them all kinds o' luck it didn't. Well, one night it peels out, dong—dong—dong—dong. Not a soul nigh, mind you, and as calm as a bay. Nine o'clock or so it happened. All hands expected a miracle, but instead, a little later, along came two dinkey little English up-starts of vessels.

Elvira: My ancestors was English. You needn't talk so in my presence.

Sarah: Well, as I said before—along comes two little up-starts of vessels—English too (she smiles—E. C. raises her head a little higher) and blows the old galleon to bits. When it was over, some one found the old bell, floatin' 'round, fastened to a piece of timber, and fished it out; ever since, the bell has rung a warning when something terrible is coming 'round. James put it up out there (waves her hand towards window) as a kind of joke; he said I'd know when he got his walking papers all right—

Elvira: Neighbor, it's might interesting, mighty interesting, and like as not it's so. I can't tell. I've been wondering 'bout it for a mighty long time. (A great thumping is heard outside. They both jump).

Chorus: My lands—(Annie rushes in distracted, and covered with soot).

Anne: Oh! Miss Saxton, that stove he's gone cantankerous again, the pipe's down and soot is in the pudding. It seems like my rheumatics is right. They've been a botherin' me all day. I never saw the beat of it. 'Tain't no use talking, no good is coming out o' this day. (Grumbles while brushing herself off).

Sarah: Shame on you for bursting in this a way; if you'd been half as careful of that stove as you are of your rheumatics, 'twould never have happened. (Annie retires).

Elvira: I'm surprised, neighbor, at your having such a girl. (Shakes her head dolefully). There never came no good out of her family. You can tell it by the way her hair is fizzed up. I'm not saying she should wear her best crimped front every day, but no self-respecting person can go 'round that way and not expect to hear something said of it.

Sarah: There now, don't get riled, she means well, Elviry, a stove is a heap provoking some time.





Elvira: Yes, yes, I know, but I can't help remarkin'. (Rises and looks out). Do look how dark 'tis. I guess, Sary, it's time to jogg.

Sarah: Not yet a while! (questioningly).

Elvira: Yes, I really ought to go. (hesitates).

Sarah: (Going for cape). Yes. (protestingly).

Elvira: If you need me just set a light up in that north window (taking a step toward the door). Let me know if you hear of the "Mary Jayne."

Sarah: Yes, yes (impatiently).

Elvira: Well, well, I must be trotting—(Gets as far as the door). Good night, Sary.

Sarah: Good night, Elviry. (Elvira leaves and Sarah closes the door behind her. She walks over to the window again; it is very dark and she hears the sounds of a coming storm, then again she fusses about the table. Annie enters with a few things on a tray, putting down near Sarah).

Annie: It's a bad night, Mis. My rheumatism is right—and I don't like the er—noise. (She backs away rather afraid, from the window). Kinda glum here all alone, ain't it. I'm pretty good company, Mrs. Saxton.

Sarah: (In an abstract voice). What you say, Annie?

Annie: I said I ain't such bad comp'ny.

Sarah: I know it, Annie. (Still preoccupied).

Annie: Want me to stay, Mis Saxton?

Sarah: If you want to, Annie. (Mrs. Saxton finishes at the table and sits down. Annie, not far off, sits also).

Annie: I wonder where the Cap'n is, Mrs. Saxton?

Sarah: I don't know, Annie; somewhere near land, I reckon.

Annie: Land's mighty scarce out there in the ocean, ma'am. Lawzee, but I'm glad I'm here. (Whisper). Mis Sary, did you hear some 'un knock? (Both sit motionless—waiting for a sound). A faint knock is heard.

Both: Sh! Sh!

Sarah: Do stop giving me those starts, 'tain't nothing.



Annie: Yes, 'tis, Ma'am. (They listen again and tiptoe towards the door. Something bangs outside. They jump).

Annie: My laws—my goodness. (She tries to hide).

Sarah: Stop that nonsense, Annie—and take those tongs. I'll take this poker. (Thus armed they stand by the door. Heavy footsteps are heard. They raise their weapons ready to strike the intruder on the head. The door is jerked open. A man enters—Nathan, the son).

Nathan: Well! well! What's all this? Trying to kill me, Ma?

Annie: My lands, Mr. Nathan, you gave us a turn. Seems like your coming was providential.

Sarah: I sartin didn't 'spect you home this hour, Nathan, but I'm not saying I'm sorry. A man in the house always did give it back-bone. (To Annie) Fetch in a bite to eat, Annie, and that ham too! (Annie leaves).

Nathan: Don't you bother much, it ain't vittles I'm after. Now Ma, I've just stopped down town afore coming here, and I heard talk of Jason Thomas, Pa's first mate, wanting to get even with him for that trouble last fall. It means bad business, I guess, and I'm hoping the voyage will be over before he can do anything.

Sarah: You don't say! It's the first I've heard of it. 'Tain't like your pa to allow such. He's as strict as anything when he's cap'n.

Nathan: Don't you think on it. Jason can do mighty little. With all that crew on board. I'm a mite perturbed though 'bout the "Mary Jayne." It's been months since Pa's been overdue, and a storm like this is pretty big out yonder. (During this Sarah sits twisting her hands in her lap. Nathan gets up and walks up and down).

Sarah: Supper is goin' to get cold, and I sure expected him to-night, Nathan. (She looks at her son, who stops pacing up down). Your Pa's a good man. Never once has he been riled, seems like the good Lord orter let him come home. He's done a might of work for good in his life. (She stops—sighs, then calls to Annie): Bring in the vittles, we might's well set, an' don't forget the ham. (They sit down, Annie stamps around, the wind increases).

Nathan: I surely do feel hungry after all. A tramp in this weather can get up an appetite right enough. (Silence for a moment, then from the distance a faint ding, dong—ding, dong—is heard). The wind's blowing the old bell like anything tonight. It'll come right off,





I'm afeard, 'cause it's powerful rusty. (Annie bursts in, with a look of wild excitement on her face).

Annie: Laws, Mrs.—the bell, the bell and old Ed out in the road shouting a Wreck! A Wreck; and tell Nathan to hurry. (Confusion reigns—all jump up from the table, Annie stands by in the hall).

Sarah: Nathan! Nathan! You ain't a-goin' out this night.

Nathan: (Hustling into a heavy coat, calls to Annie) I'm a comin'. (To his mother) Keep some vittles hot, we may need 'em. That old bell ain't far wrong, now don't you fret. All'll be right. (Annie calls) I'm comin'. (The bell rings louder than ever). (Nathan tells his mother goodby, then rushes out. Annie comes back and crouches behind a small stand).

Sarah: (Looking out). Things ain't natural. (She turns aside and steps back—the stand falls over revealing Annie). Get up child and stop this actin'—nothing's going to hurt you. Set down. (Annie half sits). *Set*. Peremptorily the bell rings, solemnly).

Annie: My lands. My rheumatism was right.

Sarah: Keep still, Annie. (She moves towards the window. Annie goes out tip-toeing). Tell me! Do you mean bad news. Ain't James a-comin' back? (She beats her hands against the window. The light grows dim—she turns around convinced).

Nathan: (Suddenly at the door) Ma! It's the "Mary Jayne." Jason's done his worst.

Sarah: Stop, Nathan—I know, that bell just told me. Your Pa's not found.

Nathan: Ma! Ma! don't. (She turns her head, covering her face. She sinks down in a chair. Nathan moves to comfort her. A sudden stillness, the lights go out, and outside the window the Cap'n is clearly seen. He shakes his head and stretches out his hand).

Sarah: James.

Nathan: Cap'n.

(The Cap'n slowly shakes his head and the bell tolls softly four times).

CURTAIN

The idea of the bell and its tradition is taken from Ralph Pain's novel, "Four Bells."




SCHOOL EVENTS



FAG WEEK

"CANDIDATE!" In the cold, gray dawn of a never-to-be-forgotten Monday morning it came, that word whose arrival every Junior had awaited for the past week with the utmost trepidation. Being suddenly snatched from the delightful land of dreams to the realization of another drab "Blue Monday" holds, in itself, a top place in the category of life's most disagreeable things. Imagine, therefore, awakening thus to find a Senior, with all the significance her presence there conveys, peremptorily uttering "Candidate" beside one's bed. It produces a feeling far beyond my pen's feeble power of description, characterized, however, by the clutch of fear's icy hand around one's heart and a sudden clarity of vision as far as the magnitude of one's inferiorities is concerned.

I can not say that we were totally unprepared for the assertion of Senior superiority for in devious ways they had begun to impress us, during the past week, with a sense of our insignificance. "What class do you belong to?" became the favorite question of the Seniors during this period, and how utterly abased and humbled our more ignorant members must have become at the firm addition of "Candidate" to their unsuspecting answer of "Junior." How inexperienced we felt before that gaze of mingled condescension and pity always assumed by any Senior present as one of us hove into sight! But it was not until the fatal eve, when one of said lords of creation sighed gently and, with a rapt and softened expression, quoted "Tomorrow and tomorrow and tomorrow," at which point she once more sighed, this time even more gently, that within us was born a true realization of Senior omnipotence.

The first day saw us lugubriously making fools of ourselves with stockings as caps, at least five petticoats and signs pinned at all angles on each diaphragm proclaiming to all that here was a tunny fish, or a white mouse, or even an eel, as circumstance had it. What bowing and scraping there was to those censorious Seniors! What racking of brains to create odes eloquent enough to extol the virtues of a butter-ball! And what weariness when the long day was at last over!

On the second day we were medical patients, greatly battered and bruised, and efficiently if not becomingly, swathed in shawls, slings and bandages. This was the day the Seniors discovered so many holes for





their less fortunate sisters to darn! This was the day the struggles to produce as frivolous a follies as demanded, waxed desperate!

We paddled dismally through the third day in rubbers, raincoats and bathing caps, gargling with gusto; laughing when we shouldn't, not saluting when we should, and in all ways quite boring the reverend Seniors with our stupidity.

Thursday morning came and to hearts, a little lightened by the thought that perhaps our time of tribulation was done, was added the leaden weight of disappointment as dozens of tiny braids and much green was illustrated on some poor unfortunate, as the costume for the day. Imagine, therefore, the joy and relief made manifest when on opening an envelope supposedly containing instructions each heretofore "Candidate" beheld a card bearing congratulations to a member of the class of '27.

Although life may have seemed, during Fag Week, quite unworth the living, time is more or less blotting out the less delightful aspects of the experience, leaving us face to face with the facts that the Juniors were, for the first time, brought closely together, were somewhat developed as to ingenuity and humor, and lastly were inspired with the respect and love that 1926 as a class, deserves.

THE JUNIOR VAUDEVILLE

FAG WEEK was over, and the Juniors were going to perform for the Seniors by giving their annual vaudeville. We discovered, much to our uneasiness, that they were a talented and very musical class. From the moment they began, we were astounded and fascinated by their ability. The Charleston Dolls were positively a sensation as the many encores proved. It was the most original thing on a program that was filled to overflowing with wit and humor.

The Backward play was another feature of this cleverly produced vaudeville. It was not only well acted in its intended form, but dramatic feeling was even introduced as our actresses, in a twinkling of an eye, repeated line after line backward.



We are all fond of sailors, but when Palmer Dallis appeared in breeches and a middy, our affection became positively ardent. The puns she and Jean Barker, her ventriloquist friend, sprung upon our unprepared ears, kept us rocking in our chairs until the two-fold attraction vanished behind the footlights. We realize fully that their pun-making, through constant use, has become a fixed habit.

The rest of the programme was full of charming songs of haunting melodies, the naive twang of ukeleles, and the quick rhythmic patter of dancing feet, keeping time to Mary Cunningham's delightful accompaniment. We came away with the thought that this Junior class was capable of doing anything, and so far our speculation has proven true.

SENIOR HOUSE WARMING

WHAT a different welcome the Juniors were given on Saturday evening October 17th, from the cold reception we gained on the morning beginning fag week. The Seniors were doing their utmost to counterbalance the cold and haughty reputation they had gained a few days before; and their success was unquestioned. Miss Cole, Miss Churchyard, and Eleanore, with the officers of the class of '26, received in Senior Room, and thence we swarmed from one gaily lighted room to another, admiring, talking, eating, while the Seniors with smiling countenances offered candy, nuts, and memory books to entertain us. A large bowl of punch was stationed in the hallway, which was perpetually surrounded by thirsty individuals, yet continually kept filled by the ever-resourceful Seniors.

"Oh, Renate, what a divine lavendar room! Where ever did you get so many things to match?" —— "No, Esther, I really couldn't eat another bite, if you knew how much I have already consumed!" —— "Oh, Bennett, what adorable flowers, where did you—— Your memory book? No, I haven't yet; what would you like me to say? I haven't a single inspiration; my mind is a perfect blank!" —— These, and the sighs of dismay which followed the ringing of the bell, seemed to prove more than anything the success of Senior House Warming.



THE HALLOWE'EN PARTY

THE 1925 Halloween party was not just one of those evenings during which "a good time was had by all." It was more than that, and indeed surpassed our most fanciful expectations. We owe much praise and credit to the girls who decorated the gymnasium, the scene of our fete, with appropriate cornstalks, lanterns, and black cats. From sausage to cider, we had a true Halloween feast, and the delicious apples sent by Mrs. Woolfolk added the finishing touch to a charming repast.

The costumes showed originality and taste, and furnished ample cause for mirth. Judith Spencer and Sibyl Cleveland well deserved the prize they won for the portrayal of the organ-grinder and monkey.

Several short stunts were presented for our amusement. Those given by each of the classes were entertaining, to say the least, but our own Faculty Fashion Show was the treat of the evening. We could scarcely recognize them as mannequins, and were surprised at Miss Barber's hidden talents as a modiste. Though we shall look forward to next year's faculty production, we feel sure that we have been peculiarly blessed to have seen the inimitable one of 1925.

The desired taste was left in our mouths by Alice Campbell's ghost stories. It was a strangely wary and whispering throng that crept to bed after the party, and in their dreams, M. V. S. was transformed to a slumberland of goblins and witches.

FOUNDERS' DAY

FOUNDERS' DAY dawned bright and exhilarating, and not even the donning of our "beloved" special occasions could dampen our spirits for long. Promptly at the appointed time one hundred and thirty white-clad nymphs danced across the much-used boardwalk to the chapel and seated themselves in decorous rows to await the program of the afternoon. A fitting beginning to such an occasion was Miss Klotz's dedication of the Anne Seymour Ames bell. Every girl's heart beat a little quicker as she heard again the story of Miss Ames' love and sacrifice; and when the bell pealed forth, the very stones



of the chapel seemed hushed in reverence. Before the spell was broken, Miss Cole introduced the genial, white-haired Dr. Hammond, of whose fame as an organist at Mount Holyoke we had heard. As soon as the strains of the organ rolled out, we knew that the final tribute to our dear Mrs. Hensley could not have been given by any other; faculty, guests, and girls sat breathless while the notes that fell from Dr. Hammond's fingers filled the chapel with their melody.

The program being finished, the moment for the long-awaited reception arrived—for refreshments are by no means the least in importance at any birthday party, and at such a one as this—! Many were the "ohs" and "ahs" when the cake—tier upon tier of yellow and white, covered with fantastic curlycues and glistening candle lights, such as only an artist like Zimmer could produce—was first seen. It seemed almost a sacrilege to cut into such a masterpiece, but the deed had to be done, and Zimmer's accomplishment was soon reduced to a poor remnant of its former grandeur. So ended the party, and surely never in the days to come will old M. V. S. see any more thrilling or happy occasion than "our fifty-first birthday."

THE CHRISTMAS PARTY

IN the mind of every M. V. S. girl the Christmas party embodies the spirit of the school to a larger extent than any other event during the year. Perhaps this is the reason that it is always anticipated so eagerly and looked back upon with such enjoyment. Be that as it may, the Christmas party of this year is sure to remain as a more than delightful memory to all those fortunate enough to have been present; for it somehow expressed to the household servants and their families in what gratitude and affection we hold them.

Our voices softened as we filed into the chapel, so beautiful with its garlands of green and red and with its tree whose arms bore a gay load of loveliness and whose crown was a radiant star, symbolic in its glory of the thing it expressed.

The presentation of the Nativity play was exquisite in its simplicity and perfect finish, and as the singing filled the chapel with its beauty our very hearts seemed hushed with reverence.



There was a jingle of sleigh-bells, a chorus of "Merry Christmas-es" and up the aisle came Santa Claus, a fat, genial St. Nick, dressed all in red and having a pack, literally bursting with wonderfully mysterious things, slung across his shoulders. The children greeted him with round eyes and delighted countenances, and, all sense of shyness dispelled, eagerly sought his approbation with songs and poems presented with great savoir-faire.

Then Santa declared it time to open his pack and each little girl felt very happy as a doll or stove or book found its way to her; while every boy visibly swelled with pride on becoming owner of a train or scooter or some such marvel of marvels.

After Belle and Walker had distributed the gifts to the servants, came the crowning treat of the evening—Belle's nephew sang for us. We wished he need never finish, but, as all nice things do, his last song came all too quickly to an end and with its close the 1925 Christmas party was over.

THE JUNIOR-SENIOR INGENUITY CONTESTS

IT was a never-to-be-forgotten night in the minds of all Juniors and Seniors. Excepting Fag Week, the Ingenuity Contest was the paramount event of the year for the upper classmen. For was not this the first step in deciding whether or not the Juniors might show their colors on the night of their play? Naturally we by-standers could sympathize with both classes. The Seniors should, of course, due to their experience and age, carry off the honors, but then what Junior did not fervently hope that her class might outwit the clever Seniors?

Some idea of this sort was running through the brains of the contestants as they listened vaguely to the hum of conversation about them in the dining room, and vainly attempted to eat their dinner. After seeming hours the bell was rung, and the Seniors who had drawn first place were allowed to leave the dining room.

The curtain was raised amid a hushed silence, and we saw the interior of a toy shop. An old gray-haired toy-maker, such as one always reads of in books, was seated on his stool while scattered about were toys of all descriptions. At his knee sat a little girl who wanted to



know if it were true that dollies could become alive at midnight. So one by one the varied assortment were made to bow and smile and caper around in a somewhat stiff manner. Every kind conceivable was present, and the show ended when the china doll with a great deal of persuasion had been brought to life.

How could the Juniors possibly surpass this wonderful representation of Toyland? It seemed impossible, but yet—

Before us we had another toy shop owned by a chic little French lady who with voluble and excessive gesticulations was vainly endeavoring to tempt a bored and spoiled "poor little rich girl" into buying one of her lovely mechanical dolls. Each was brought forward and put through its paces, but to no avail. She simply would not have them, but preferred to go back to her own old worn-out dolly who came toddling onto the stage.

The first contest was finished. How we pitied the poor judges, for truly they had a task before them. We listened with bated breath for the verdict—the Juniors had won! Wondering how the second contest would end, we file dupstairs to bed.

The second contest was a week later. It was supposed to represent one most important phase of our school life. If the truth were told, the Ingenuity Contest would probably be, in most people's opinion, one of the most eventful ones; but the Juniors and Seniors did not think so. The Seniors brought out in a short play by Alice Campbell, that to them modern art meant most. It was an extremely cleverly done and well thought-out parody which not only proved that modern art, after all, was comprehensible, but also that Elizabeth Bennett and Florence Birch could act in comedy as well as in tragedy.

The Juniors, however, thought puns more important than art, and athletics more important than both, so they combined them in a one-act play written by Genevieve Stewart, in which they showed that athletics held the prominent place. The audience, especially the athletes, were absorbed every minute and nodding with approval. At the end the judges left quietly and agreeably to decide upon the winner. But once outside it appears, they did not agree so readily for there was a long wait before they were seen again and a nervous silence as Miss Cole announced that the Seniors had won.



An Anthology of Song, without dramatization, music, or costumes, was the subject of the third and final contest. The Juniors came first, and we all sat with eager expectation to see what their ingenious minds had devised for the difficult subject. The lantern was brought—moving pictures—how clever! Pictures from songs new and old were flashed upon the screen, and explained in a clever travelogue by Jean Barker.

Then came the Seniors, the lantern failed to disappear—another movie—a radio set appeared outside of the curtain, and, from some far distant station, a voice, strangely like Alice Campbell's, explained the Senior pictures. The scene of the movie was laid in M. V. S. with many members of our esteemed faculty as cinema stars. We received an inside view of Faculty Meeting where Madame Peltier greeted Miss Guard with "Oh! It Ain't Gonna Rain No More," and Miss Guard coyly responded, "Oh! Frenchie! Frenchie!" All too soon the Senior entertainment was over, and the judges withdrew. After many finger nails had been sacrificed by us and our patience all but exhausted, they returned with the verdict—the Seniors had won. Our congratulations to the class of '26, and also to the Juniors, who were but little less clever.

THE VALENTINE PARTY

AS the number of days before the Valentine Party steadily diminished, we found ourselves becoming more and more feverishly anticipating. Remembrance, in the case of the old girls, and glowing accounts, in that of the new, had caused delightful expectation to attain a high pitch.

It has been said that the anticipation of an event is three-fourths of the enjoyment. If so, the Valentine Party was, without a doubt, the exception that proved the rule, for it surpassed our fondest hopes and wildest imaginations.

At half-past eight alluring strains from a real jazz orchestra began to steal up the stairs, and, investing us with an irresistible longing to dance, drew us speedily to the lower regions. At the threshold of the erstwhile gymn was a white gate separating the bare passageway from a garden. It was the kind of garden one always reads of, surrounded by

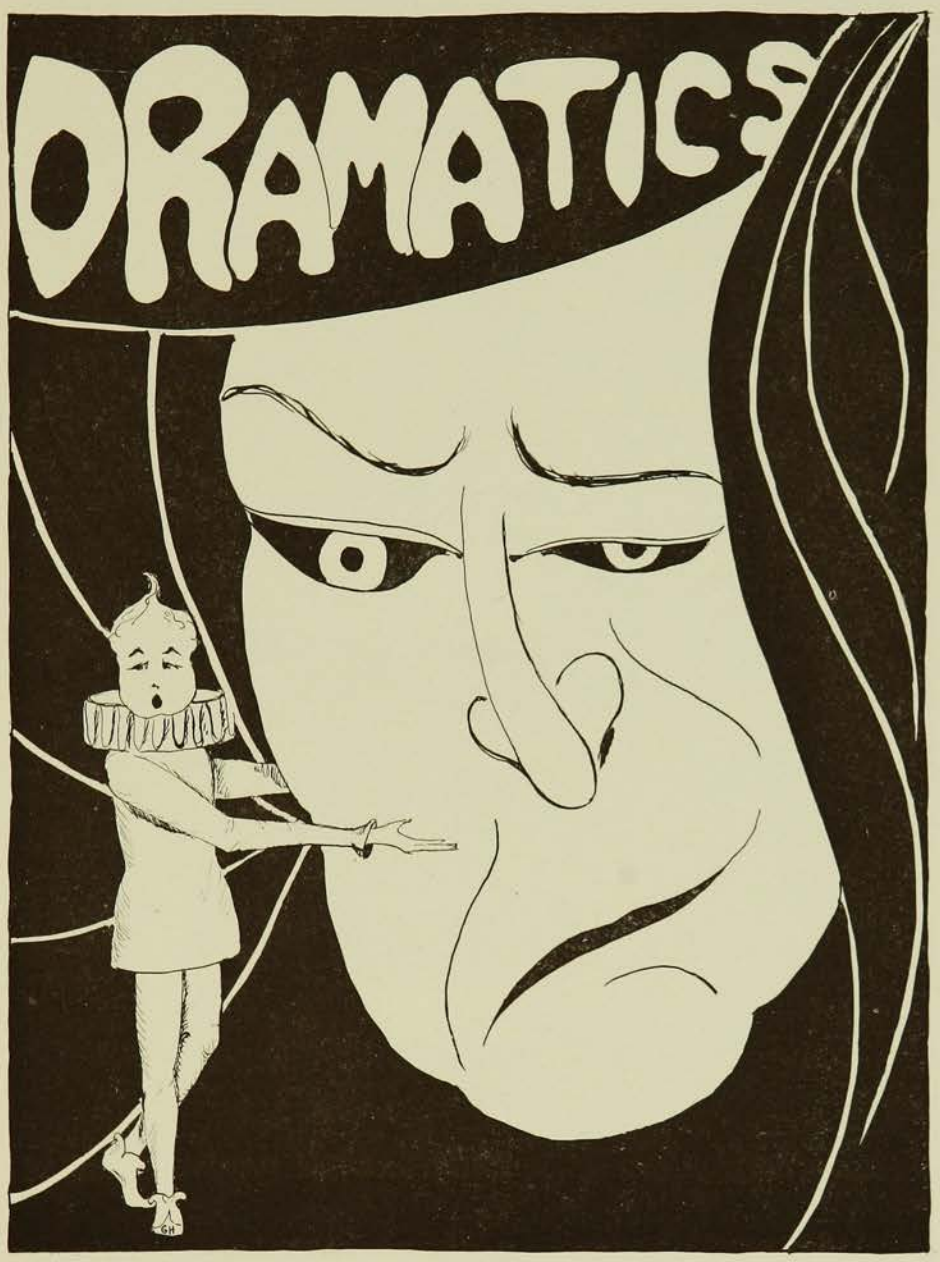


a low stone wall against which hollyhocks stood in bright array. Gay colored awnings and window boxes adorned what had, heretofore, been mere apertures, and rustling green palms hid the less artistic aspects of the gym. Against this perfect background the dancers appeared a brilliant kaleidoscope of lovely colors. Pierrot seemed very happy to be dancing with his Pierrette; old-fashioned girls smiled, oh! so demurely, at their convict partners; while Jack, apparently recovered from his famous fall, appeared quite entranced with his pretty Jill. We were entertained with songs and dances, and the refreshments, I am sure, surpassed even the proverbial ambrosia and nectar.

The evening passed at an unbelievably rapid rate, and all too soon the delightful party came to an end. Our most fervent pleas that "Who" be played just once more, having been denied, we reluctantly bade our hostesses good-night, realizing that, after all, three hundred and sixty-five days were all that we had to wait until the next Valentine Party.






DRAMATICS





"Alice Sit by the Fire" Dec. 4, 1925

THE SENIOR PLAY

"Alice-Sit-By-The-Fire"

The night of December 5th had arrived and with it all the bustle, excitement, and suspense that usually accompanies a long expected event. The Seniors were unusually excited because on the programme of the evening their seal was to be displayed for the first time. "Alice-Sit-By-The-Fire" was now ready for production with the following cast:

Amy ---------- Elizabeth Bennett
Cosmo ---------- Caroline Sweeney
Generva ---------- Florence Birch
Nurse ---------- Eleanor Hayden
Maid ---------- Blanche Daggett
Colonel Gray ---------- Anne Young
Alice Gray ---------- Renate Zimmers
Stephen Rollo ---------- Alice Campbell
Maid ---------- Elizabeth Davison

In this day of problem plays it is refreshing to see such a gloriously modern comedy overflowing with whimsical humor and spontaneous wit. Barrie's style is both poetic and fanciful, and through his characters we catch the tenderness and love he feels for them.

Renate Zimmers, as "Alice," found herself in a very delicate situation. She, who had been the belle of India, discovered that she must doff her youth and gaiety, and sit by the fire if she would please her exacting children. It was an extremely difficult part, but it was safe in Renate's hands as she combined thought and ability in her interpretation.

Amy, skilfully played by Elizabeth Bennett, proud of her sophistication, recently acquired from the theatre, felt that she must lead her "unsophisticated" mother kindly but firmly into the paths of righteousness from whence, as Amy thought, she had so sadly strayed. In accomplishing her self- appointed mission, Amy became deeply involved with both her family and their very interesting and somewhat gullible friend, Stephen Rollo, with whom she ultimately fell in love. We find ourselves wondering if charming little Amy could really have managed such a perplexing thing as the well regulated home she conducted during her parents' absence in India.



Alice Campbell, in a suave but thoroughly masculine manner, won the audience with her handsome face, correct clothes, and engaging personality. There is a quality of tone in Alice's voice that appeals to us all. We only wish her part had been a bigger one, and one in which she could have shown more of her really unusual ability as an actress.

The comedy of the play was largely in the hands of Caroline Sweeney, who conveyed it to us with spontaneous humor and clear understanding.

Anne Young had the difficult role of a father who loved and admired extravagantly, not only his three children, but even more his beautiful, vivacious wife. Anne certainly looked her paternal part, and it was hard for us to believe that with her gruff voice, iron grey hair, and manly stride, she was still underneath our blushing Anne.

Florence took the part of an ingenue, whom she interpreted with ease and dexterity. From the minute she stepped on the stage, all eyes were riveted on her, and on the colorful and stylish frocks which she wore with an air that belied her daily use of the uniform.

Everyone played her part in the smoothest and most finished manner. If we seem to praise too extravagantly, we are only voicing the opinion of all who saw "Alice Sit By The Fire," and, after all, can you praise perfection too highly?

JUNIOR PLAY

"Miss Somebody Else"

In the Senior song, sung after the Junior play, there appeared the line, "Miss Somebody Else has won our hearts." It is most assuredly true, the words of the song only echoed the sentiments in the hearts of those present. How could it be otherwise with such a distinguished cast as the following:

Mrs. Delavan----------Elizabeth Council
Mildred Delavan----------Wilma McFarland
Susan----------Miranda Boyd
Constance Darcy----------Louise Wende
Celeste----------Margaret Rumsey



Mrs. Blainwood_____Clarissa White
Fay Blainwood_____Judith Spencer
Alice Stanly_____Mary Adams
Freda Mason_____Janet Sanders
Mrs. Herrick_____Lois Lasater
Mr. Delavan_____Gretchen Dishong
Cruger Blainwood_____Genevieve Stewart
Ralph Hastings_____Jean Barker
Sylvester Crane_____Mary Cunningham
Bert Shaffer_____Beatrice Masterson
John_____Eleanor Weir

The plot of the play was different from any we have had presented heretofore, and we congratulate Miss Frances on her selection of a play so full of delicate and intriguing situations, and so cleverly and entertainingly written.

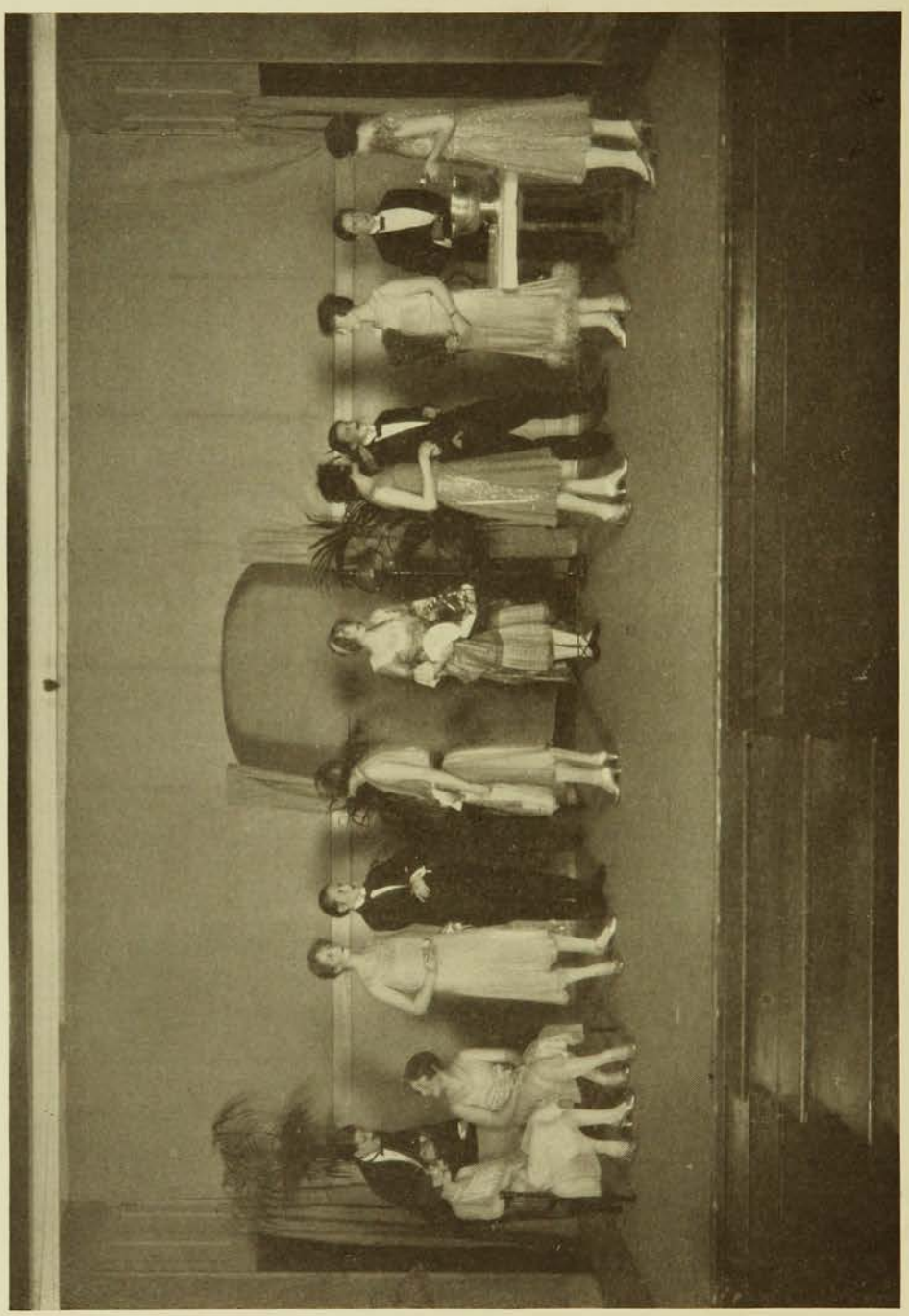
The all-star cast was headed by our new discovery, Louise Wende, who played the part of Constance Darcy with unusual piquancy and fascination. She gave her lines fluently and with a touch of blarney that made us very sure that in a former incarnation she was certainly Ireland's own.

Genevieve, as the hero bold, was a typical, dashing young man. The hardest part for a girl to play well is that of a man or boy, and Genevieve acquitted herself well. In voice and action she was the quintessence of manly vigor. Her clothes fitted, and she looked especially attractive in the plus fours that are so unusual at M. V. S.

Were there any two who were more attractive than Elizabeth and Clarissa, the faultlessly attired matrons? The quality of Elizabeth's voice is one of subtle charm. There was real feeling in everything she did, and her part seemed as vivid to her as her everyday life here at school. Clarissa with her delightful accent and air of pride certainly won our admiration.

As a villain, Jean was a most agreeable surprise. Having seen her as an infant in the Junior vaudeville, imagine our reaction to Ralph Hastings of the waxed mustache, the smooth voice and perfect savoir faire. We are questioning seriously if such a dangerous character should be allowed the freedom of the school.







Wilma McFarland as Mildred Delavan acted the part of that gay and petulant young lady with an ease and spontaneity which we recognized as no easy task.

Our Miranda is the queen of comediennes and her interpretation of the pessimistic maid, Susan, was done to perfection. It was, without a doubt, one of the best bits of character work done at M. V. S. this year.

And so on with the entire cast. It is much too numerous, and space too limited for us to do more than give a brief but sincere tribute to Margaret Rumsey's delightful voice, Gretchen Dishong's characterization of the true scientific detachment, and to the grace and charm lent to the scene by others of the cast who for one brief hour became the elite of Tuxedo Brook.

THE WHITE CLASS PLAYS

"Joint Owners In Spain"

Mrs. Dyer----------Mary Ann Peacock
Mrs. Fullerton----------Ruth Crabbs
Mrs. Mitchell----------Virginia Harris
Mrs. Blair----------Elizabeth Roberts

"Beau of Bath"

Beau of Bath----------Constance Jones
Jepson----------Catherine Dominick
Lady of the Portrait----------Madge Jarratt

On Saturday evening, March 6th, the White Class presented two one-act plays, "Joint Owners in Spain," and "The Beau of Bath." The first play, a lively skit on the petty jealousies of an Old Ladies' Home, was enthusiastically received, owing largely to the excellent acting of Mary Anne Peacock and Elizabeth Roberts, who played the parts of the two shrewish and quarrelsome old women. Ruth Crabbs as the much-put-upon roommate, and Virginia Harris as the nurse, gave a well balanced performance.

"The Beau of Bath," a period play, showed, in brief and lovely fashion, a striking contrast to the comedy. Madge Jarratt was so



charming as the lady of the portrait that we wish we might see her again as she stepped out of the picture on Christmas Eve to speak with her old lover. Constance Jones, as the Beau, entered into the spirit of the play with much feeling, and Katherine Dominick, as the butler, played her part with marked finish.

THE YELLOW CLASS PLAYS

"Where But In America"

Robert Espenhayne.....Shirley Swope
Mollie Espenhayne.....Betty-Wynn Rugee
Hilda, the maid.....Jane Wallace

"The Slave With Two Faces"

Life, the Slave.....Marian Kennedy
First Girl.....Eugenie Bournique
Second Girl.....Margaret Verran

On the evening of March 20th the school was thoroughly entertained by two one-act plays given by the Yellow Class. The first one, "Where But In America," was a rippling comedy concerning a young married couple who wish to keep their competent, but irrepressible, maid. We admired Betty-Wynn's savoir faire, and her stunning appearance consumed all the girls with envy. Shirley Swope made a handsome and obedient husband with real dash and vigor. Jane Wallace as the Swedish maid carried off her part to the enjoyment of us all. She dared to speak with a Swedish accent and what's more she succeeded.

"The Slave With Two Faces" was an allegory and a very difficult piece to dramatize, but it was thoroughly beautiful, and we were duly impressed. Marian Kennedy gave an exceptionally fine performance with true dramatic spirit. She was ably supported by Eugenie Bournique and Margaret Verran. Their costumes were extremely colorful and everyone played her part with such conviction and sincerity that the moral they pointed was certainly driven home.



AN EVENING OF FRENCH PLAYS

ALMOST everyone agrees with Shakespeare in saying, "The play's the thing," but at M. V. S. we pride ourselves on being a bit more original and imaginative in that line, than is the average institution of learning. This hidden genius asserted itself Saturday evening, March 13th, when we were delightfully entertained by two rollicking comedies, presented most proficiently in French by the first and third year classes studying that language. "La Farce de Maitre Pathelin" told the exciting adventures of a lawyer who won a piece of cloth for his wife by flattery and eloquence, and was paid back in his own coin, as was his just desert. Jessie Clark played the role of the lawyer, Pierre Pathelin, with great understanding of the character, and indeed, her picturesque pursuit after imaginary butterflies (while endeavoring to give the impression of being hopelessly delirious) is never to be forgotten. Elizabeth Roberts portrayed the part of Guillaume, the indignant and deceived cloth-maker in pursuit of justice, in a most pleasing way. Guillemette, the impetuous wife; the stern, impatient judge, and the shepherd who had nothing to say in court but plaintive "baa-baas," managed their parts with equal success.

The second play was "La Farce de Cuvier," which told of the domestic troubles of a hen-pecked husband who had sworn to do nothing, except what was written by his wife on a certain parchment. Katherine Bavinger was Jacquinot, the meek husband, while Lois Lasater played the part of Jeannette, the crafty and designing wife, who ended her tyrannical career with a dramatic plunge into the wash-tub. Eleanor Bessell was the mother-in-law, very solicitous for her daughter's welfare and authority.

We were entertained during the intermission by the rendering of the "Marseillaise" and a charming French poem. After it was all over, we came away hoping it was not the last time that French plays would be given at Mount Vernon Seminary.



THE COMMENCEMENT PLAY, 1925

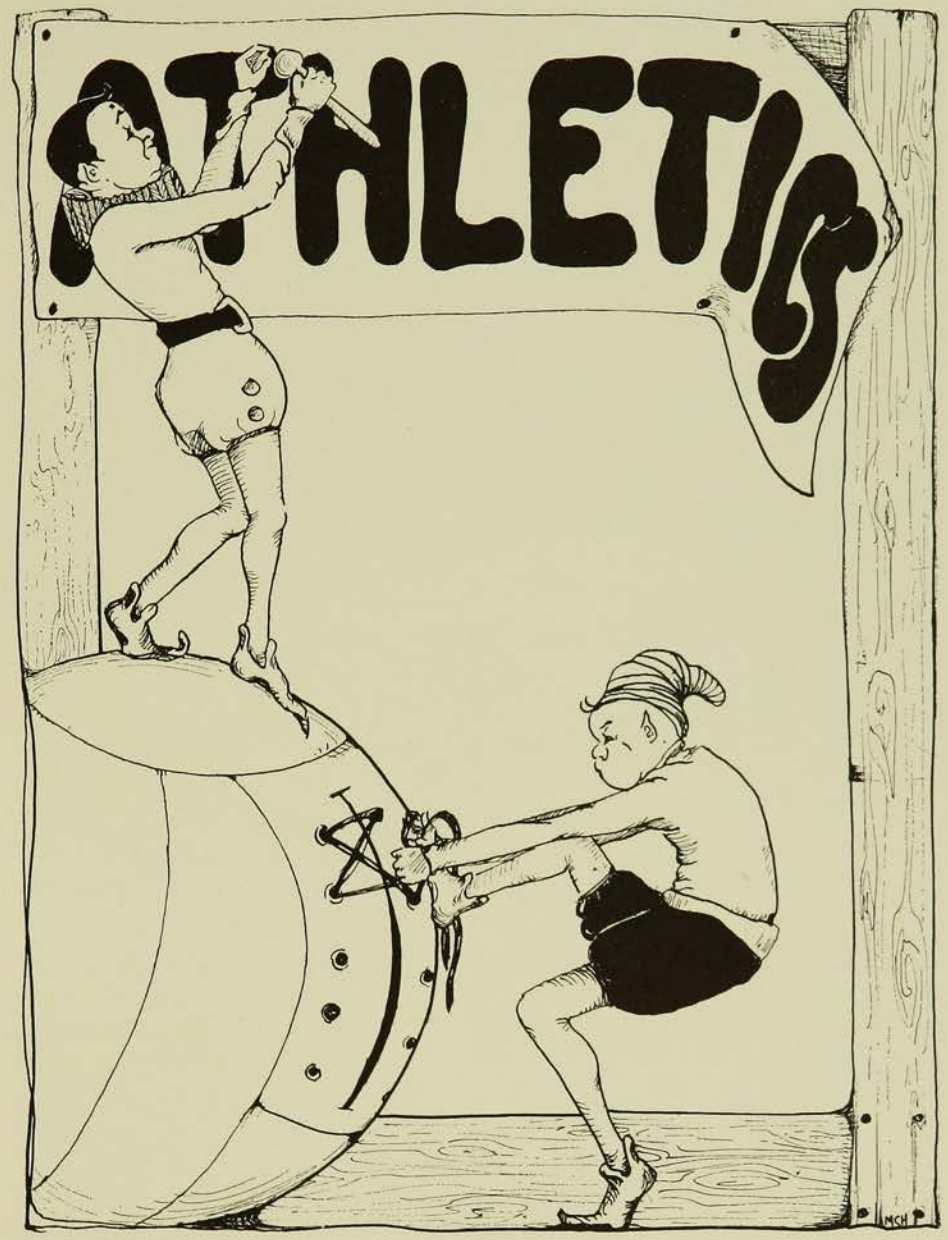
THE Commencement Play at M. V. S. is the most important event of the dramatic year, for it is the only production that represents the combined work of all the classes, including the Seniors. "As You Like It" was the play selected last May, and, unlike productions given in the past, was acted in the quadrangle on the upper terrace where a temporary forest of Arden had been constructed.

Rosemary Ames as the heroine was beautiful, charming and vivacious, and played her part in a manner worthy of her last appearance as one of M. V. S.'s best actresses. Her lover, Orlando, was done by Alice Campbell, who won the heart not only of Rosalind, but of her audience as well. Her acting was finished and convincing, and her voice and walk especially good. The major honors of the play, as all agreed, went decidedly to her performance. Celia, taken by Frances Heckert, was dignified and well bred. She added a splash of color to the scene, whenever she appeared either in her yellow court gown or in her pink flowered woodland dress, in which she accompanied Rosalind in their arduous journey to the exiled duke. Virginia Kaufman, as Oliver, the unpleasant older brother, made as much as she could of a part absurd in itself. Touchstone, as portrayed by Caroline Sweeney, was delightful. The role was one particularly suited to Caroline's talents, for she is not only a good actress, but she is also a humorous philosopher. Her mannerisms and gestures kept us continually entertained. The two dukes, played by Helen Curtis and Anne Young, were both good. Jacques, perhaps the most difficult role in the play, was acted by Virginia Roediger, whose conception was intelligent and carefully worked out.

One of the best features of the production was the chorus of rustics who danced and sang most engagingly, and who almost made us forget how cold was the weather.

Miss Frances certainly deserved to be congratulated.




ATHLETICS





ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION

President—ELEANOR HAYDEN
Vice-President—ELINOR LYNN
Secretary-Treasurer—CLARISSA WHITE

ATHLETIC BANNER HONOR



THIS Banner was won by the deserving White Class, whose persistent determination to win this coveted honor gave the class the privilege of hanging the banner in the quadrangle during commencement week.

ATHLETIC AWARD

Mary Cunningham won the Athletic Honor Award, after an exciting race, with Virginia Watts, for its possession.

AWARDS FOR YEAR ENDING MAY, 1925

Although there were many events to be crowded into the short two months after Easter vacation last year, the athletic work was far from slighted.

TENNIS

Marion Gaffney met Jane Quilhot in the singles finals. Jane played an unusually good game, but her opponent proved too much for her. This victory made Marion, for the third time, the tennis champion of the school.

Marion Gaffney and Harriet Snider versus Eleanore Haigh and Jane Quilhot were matched in the doubles finals. The former pair played their prettiest game and won the championship for '24 and '25.



SWIMMING

Mary Lillian Uppercu was awarded the Pelletier Swimming Cup in recognition of her marked improvement during the year.

Miss Stuart, after weeks of constant coaching, made it possible for nine girls, through a representative from Red Cross Headquarters, to pass their National Red Cross Life Saving Tests. These nine girls now wear, and proudly, too, their National Emblem: Catherine DeArmond, Mary Louise Gaut, Pauline Gaut, Caroline Sweeney, Alice Robinson, Virginia Watts, Mary Cunningham, Frances Cocroft, Isabel Creed.

A swimming chevron of yellow and white was awarded to each of the following girls at the close of the year: Gwendolyn Atwood, Dorothy Davidson, Eleanor Marsh, Mary Searles, Catherine DeArmond, Pauline Gaut, Genevieve Stewart, Katherine Archibald, Virginia Watts, Virginia Martindale, Jane Reilly, Mary Dawes, Margaret Dawes, Mary L. Uppercu, Laura Newburger, and Frances Cocroft.

The instigation of this chevron was a new goal towards which every swimmer worked her hardest. The following are its requirements:

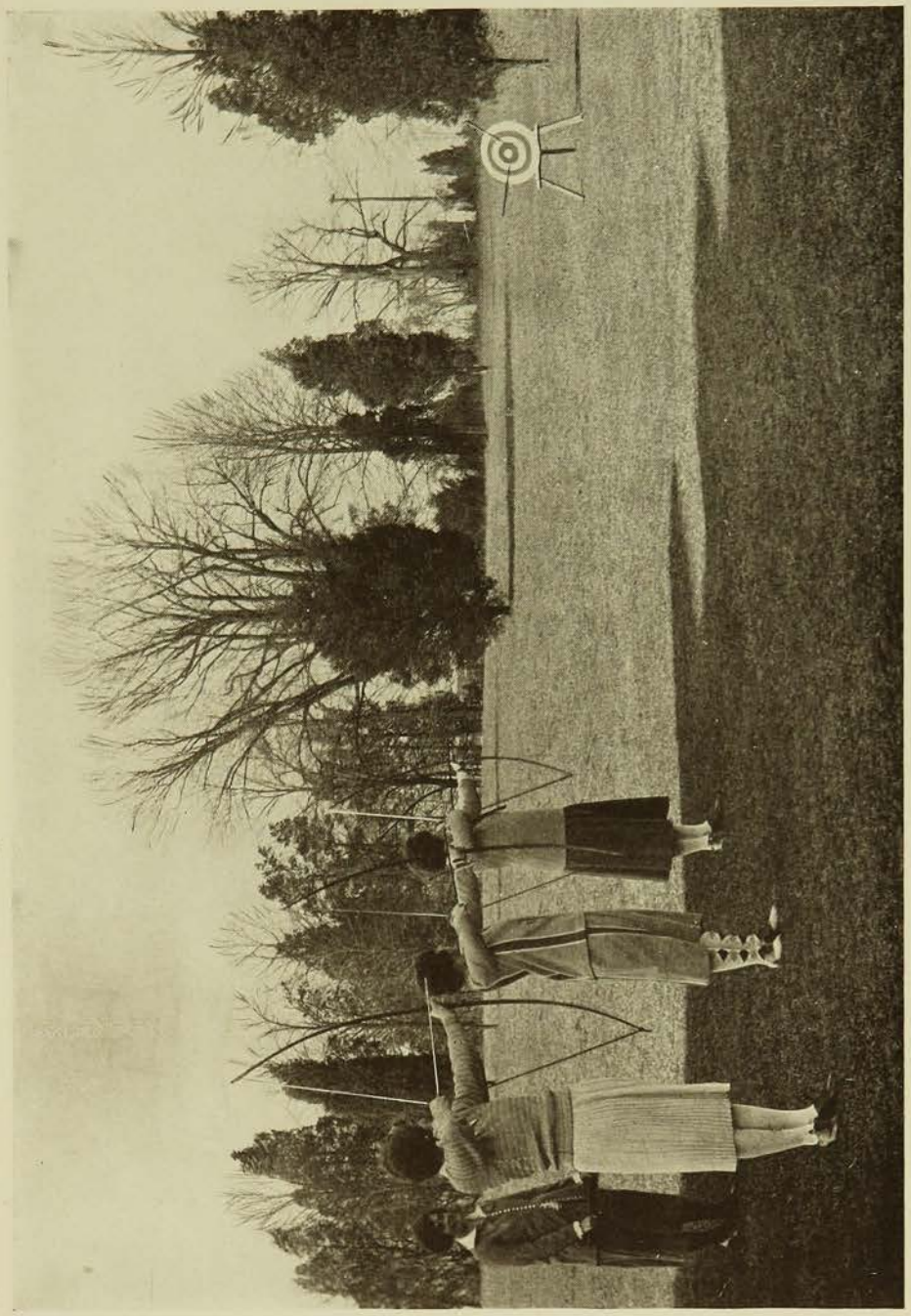
(1) To make the class team. (2) To qualify as an all-round swimmer. (3) To show good sportsmanship and application.

TENNIS

Preliminary Tournament

Eight girls qualified to play for the fall championship by climbing to the top of the tennis ladder. The tennis ladder system works out in the following way: A girl may challenge another eight rungs ahead of her. If she defeats this opponent, her name is advanced eight places; thus a girl at the foot may readily climb to the top. This year, the honors went to Eleanore Haigh, who defeated Jane Quilhot in the finals, 6-3, 6-3. There are many splendid players now in school, so the big spring tournament is being looked forward to with interest.








27
27
27

BASKETBALL

Preliminary Games

Friday, November 20th, found four enthusiastic class teams eager for the fray. At promptly three o'clock the Senior-Junior game was called. An unusually pretty game was exhibited by both teams, and the Seniors managed to keep the lead until the fourth quarter. The Juniors, however, showed a determination to win, and, after a hard struggle, were victorious, the score being 34-29.

At the close of this game, the White and Yellow teams went onto the field. Although the Whites displayed fine spirit and hard work, the Yellows proved too much for them and were victorious with a score of 24-11.

CHAMPIONSHIP GAME

The Junior and Yellow teams met Thanksgiving morning to decide to which class the championship should go. After an extremely exciting and hard game, the Junior team showed itself to be the stronger of the two, thus acquiring the coveted tile for 1925 with a score of 34-26.

VARSITY GAME

Saturday, February 27th, 1926, was a red letter day for M. V. S. Her annual varsity game for which the girls had been preparing for two months was scheduled for that date and won with a score of 32-23. The Epiphany gymnasium was gay with yellow and white, and red and white banners representing our own and Miss Madeira's school. Carolyn Sweeney, our splendid cheer leader, led successful cheers and songs in opposition to those of The Madeira's. The game was called promptly at 11 a. m., with the following team playing for M. V. S.:

Forwards——Connie Bavinger, Clarissa White
Centers——Mary Louise Gaut, Betty-Wynn Rugee
Guards——Eleanor Hayden, Eleanor Marsh

Substitutes

Forwards——Elizabeth Bennett, Evelyn Comstock
Centers——Jean Barker, Palmer Dallis
Guards——Margaret Crouch, Mary Cunningham (Captain)




'26

Miss Davis felt particularly pleased this year at being able to work up two almost evenly matched teams. Eleanor Marsh's transition from forward to guard work was remarkable. She and Eleanor Hayden showed some splendid team work during the game. Clarissa and Connie each made eight baskets; there were only two changes made in players—Jean and Palmer being put in during the last half. The Madeira team was an excellent one. They played a consistently good game, remarkable for the intelligence of the players and the pass work employed—but our girls were too quick and gained steadily on them from the first.

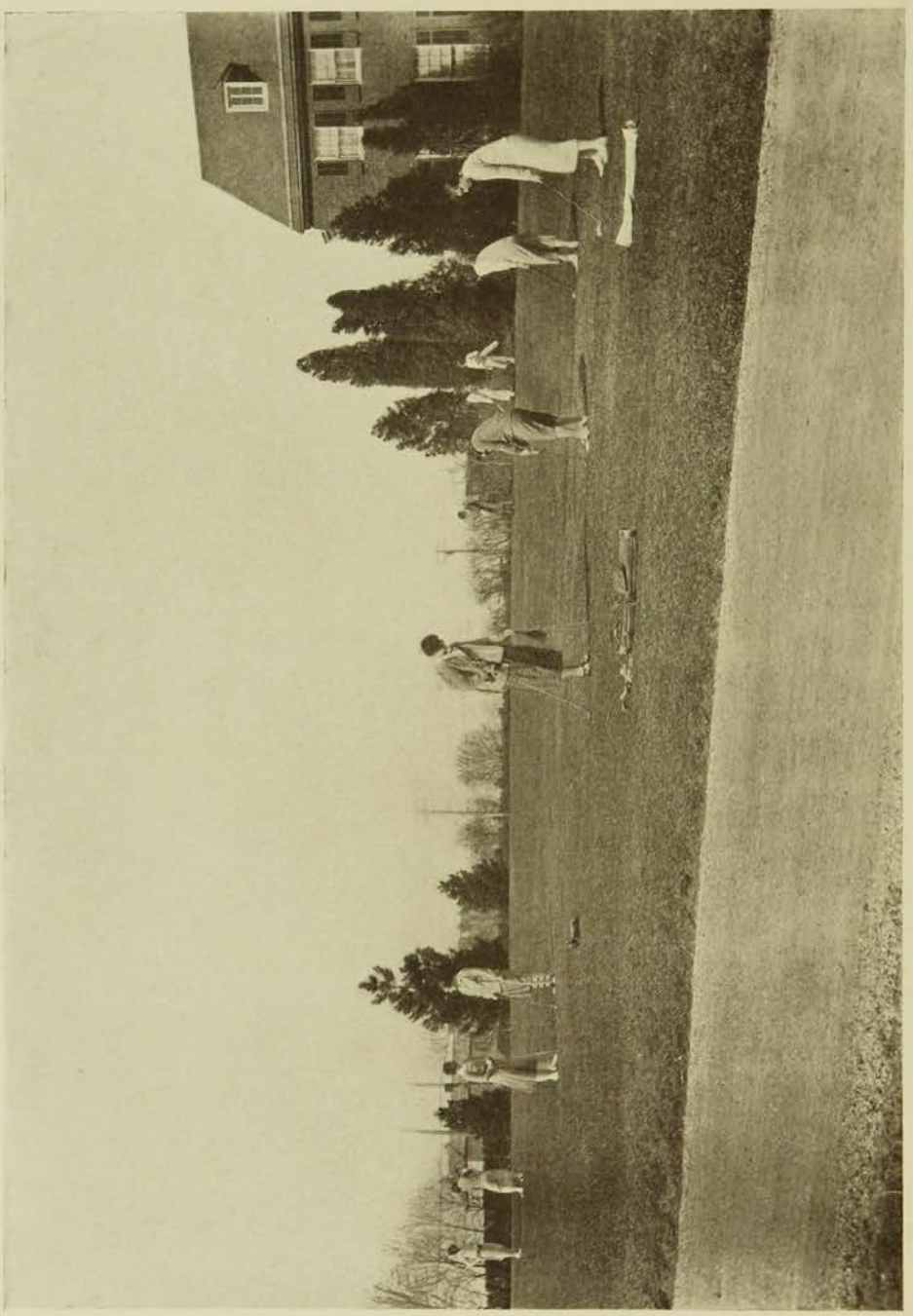
Never has a coach been more appreciated and loved in M. V. S. than our Miss Davis. We owe our success to her constant effort and three years of happy, beneficial and interesting work, so we will not even try to voice our deep regret that she is leaving us for good. We all hope sincerely that she will be as successful in the future as she has been in the past.

CLASS TEAMS

	Senior	*Junior*
Forwards:	Elizabeth Bennett	Clarissa White
	Eleanor Marsh	Mary Cunningham (Captain)
Centers:	Mary Louise Gaut	Jean Barker
	Eleanor Hayden (Captain)	Palmer Dallis
Guards:	Alice Campbell	Miranda Boyd
	Anne Young	Mary Adams

	White	*Yellow*
Forwards:	Laurene Walker	Connie Bavinger
	Annett Kirk	Evelyn Comstock
Centers:	Jane Quilhot (Captain)	Jane Wallace
	May Dunlap	Betty-Wynn Rugee
Guards:	Katherine Dominick	Eleanor Linn (Captain)
	Margaret Johnson	Margaret Crouch







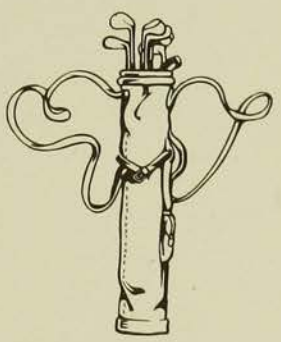
GOLF

Preliminary Tournament

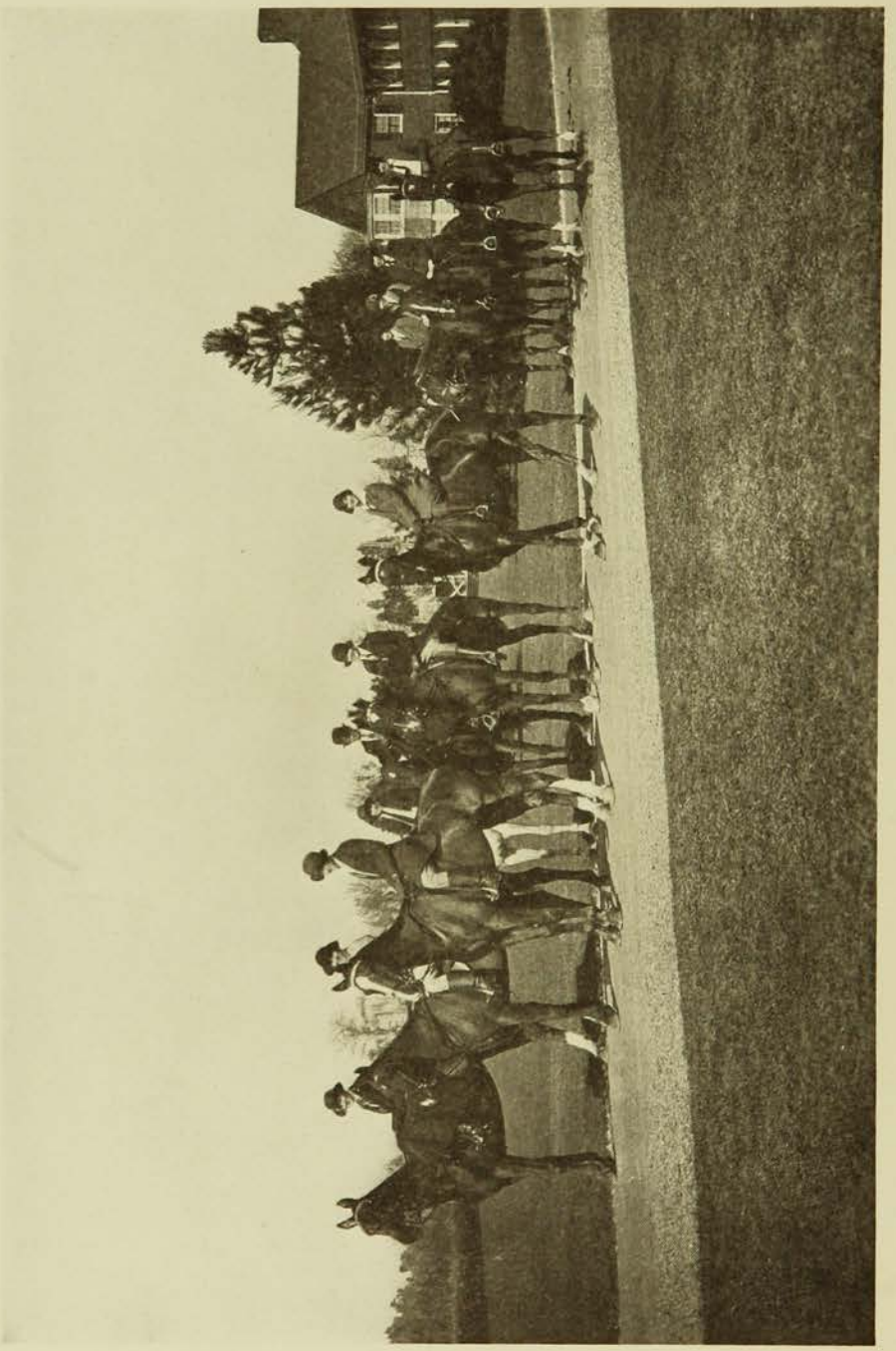
The sixteen girls with lowest scores in the qualification round were matched to play for the fall championship. This championship fell into the hands of Mary Woolfolk, who defeated Peggy Jeffery by one stroke, Mary's score being 37.

Brigham-Cunningham Cup

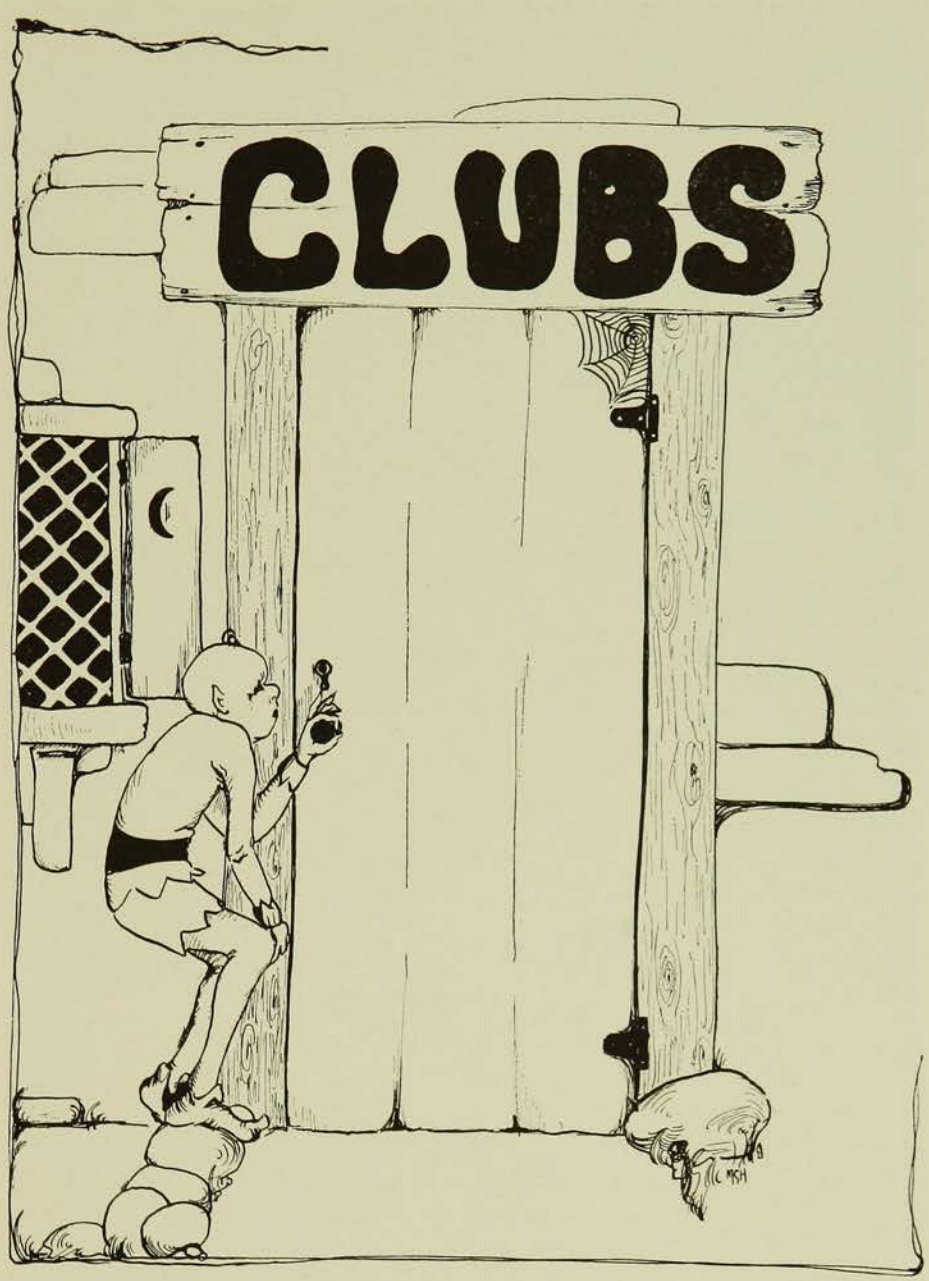
Fay Brigham and Mary Cunningham presented to the school a golf cup to be awarded to the year's champion. Mary Lillian Uppercu won it last spring, after defeating Mary Cunningham in the final round. Sixteen girls qualified for the tournament, while fifty or more entered the qualification matches.










CLUBS



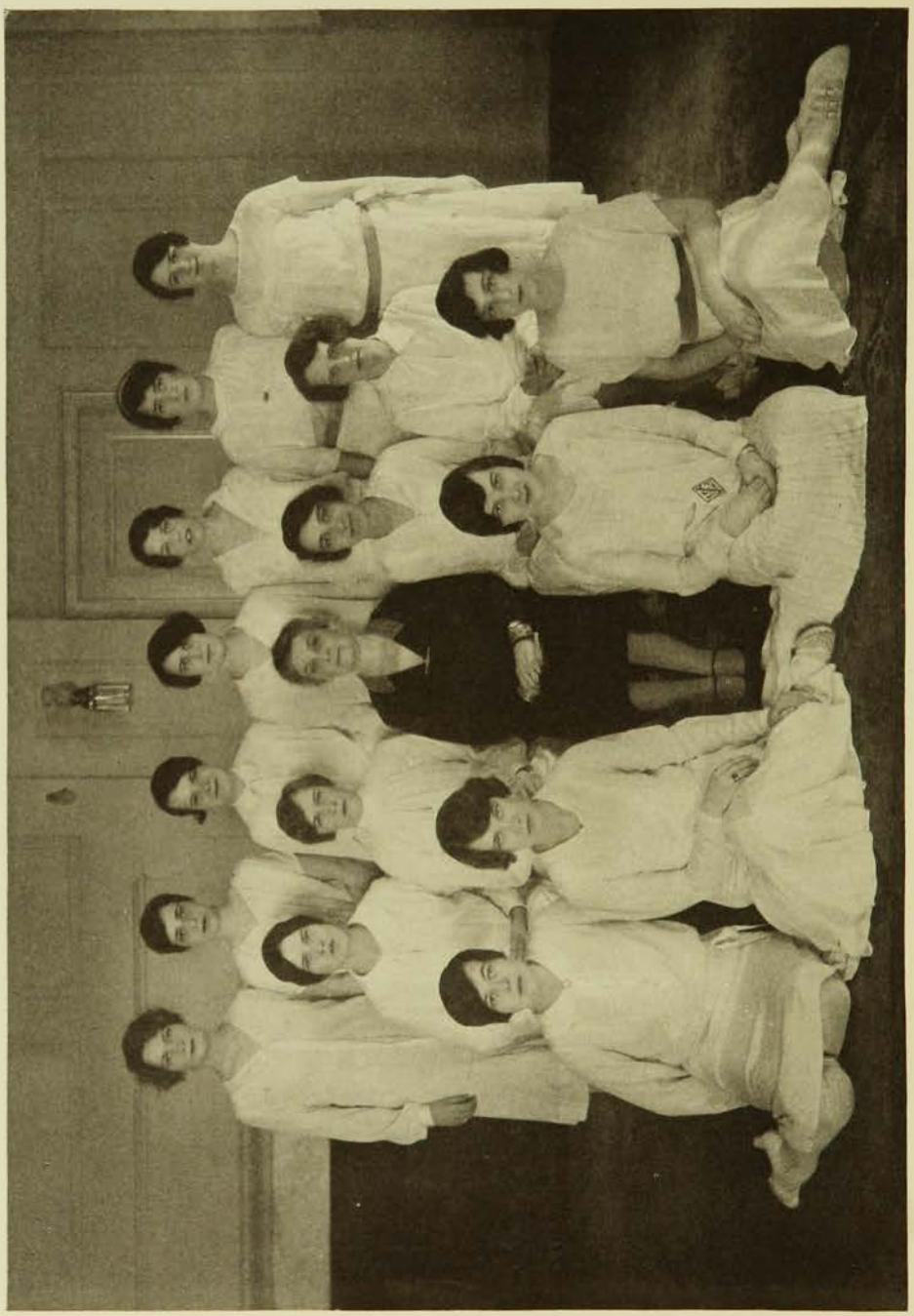


OPTIMA

Honorary Members—Miss Jean Dean Cole, Miss Katherine E. Hill
President—Elizabeth Davison
Vice-President—Florence Birch
Secretary—Elizabeth Bennett
Treasurer—Renate Zimmers

Jean Barker
Elizabeth Bennett
Florence Birch
Miranda Boyd
Alice Campbell
Elizabeth Davison
Mary Louise Gaut
Pauline Gaut
Eleanore Haigh
Eleanor Hayden
Anne Hearne
Georgia Hencken
Helen Hopper
Eleanor Marsh
Margaret Meyer
Wilma McFarland
Helen Raynor
Elizabeth Roberts
Genevieve Stewart
Caroline Sweeney
Dorothy Thomson
Anne Young
Renate Zimmers







FRENCH CLUB

Honorary Member----------Mme. Eleanore Peltier
President----------Florence Birch
Vice-President----------Eleanore Haigh
Secretary----------Jean Barker
Treasurer----------Mary Cunningham

Miranda Boyd
Elizabeth Born
Ann Hearne
Eleanor Miller
Wilma McFarland
Margaret Rumsey
Kathleen Sheldon
Judith Spencer
Genevieve Stewart
Clarissa White
Renate Zimmers
Annett Kirk



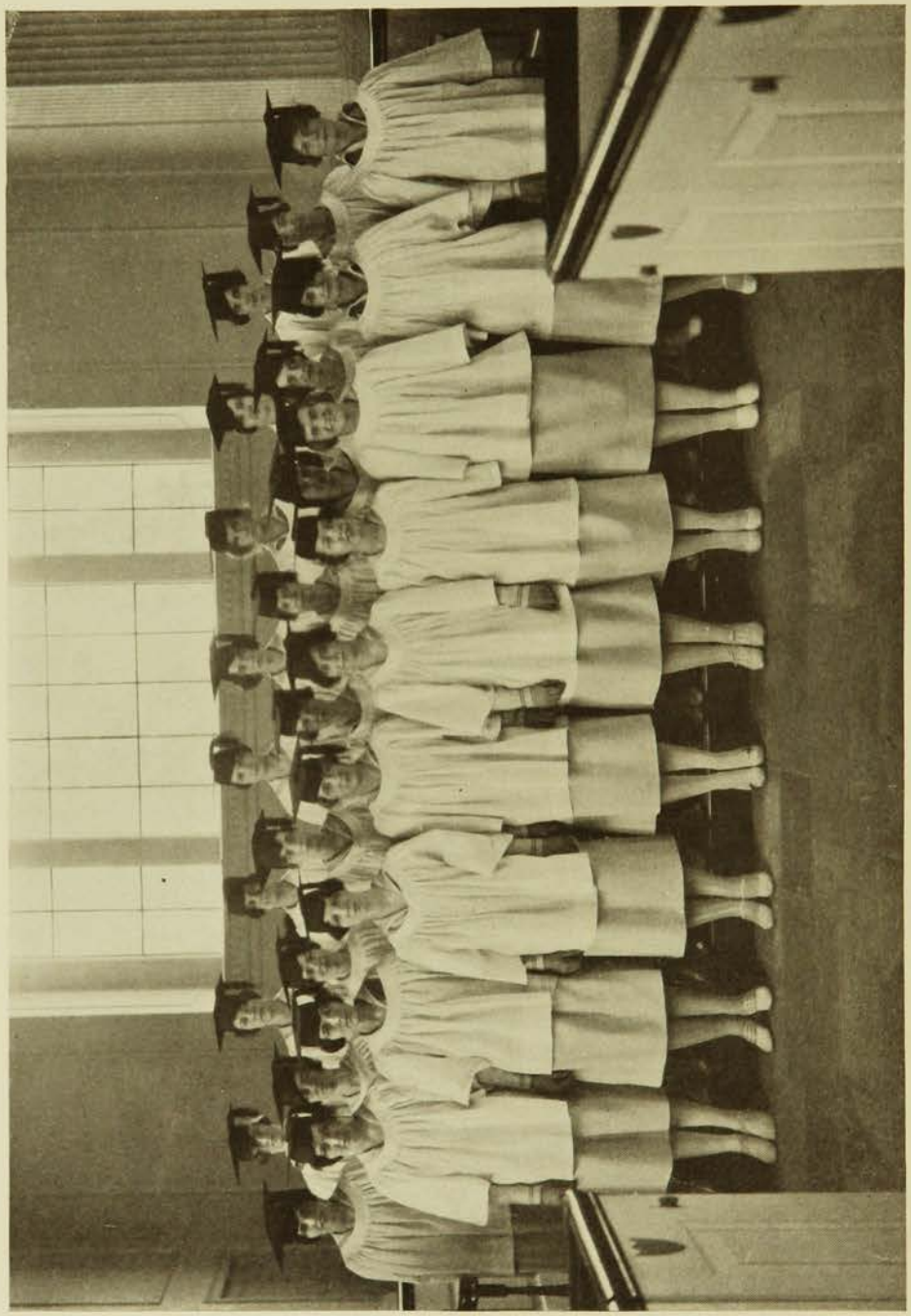


TREBLE CLEF CLUB

Director—Mrs. A. K. Payne
President—Eleanor Marsh
Vice-President—Katherine Ferguson
Secretary-Treasurer—Elizabeth Roberts

Kathryn Bavinger
Betti Bettison
Sybil Cleveland
Gretchen Dishong
Catherine Dominick
Odessa Erhard
Kathryn Ferguson
Janet Gailey
Janet Gardner
Pauline Gaut
Phyllis Goodnow
Helen Groetzinger
Miriam Grosvenor
Virginia Harris
Flora Hollingsworth
Margaret Johnson
Constance Jones
Lois Lasater
Eleanor Marsh
Beatrice Masterson
Eleanor Miller
Esther Myers
Wilma McFarland
Elizabeth Roberts
Miriam Robertson
Margaret Rumsey
Margaret V. Smith
Judith Spencer
Caroline Sweeney
Evaline Thompson
Margaret Jean Verran
Clarissa White
Mary Woolfolk
Renate Zimmers







CHOIR

Director----------Mr. Adolf Torovsky, Jr.

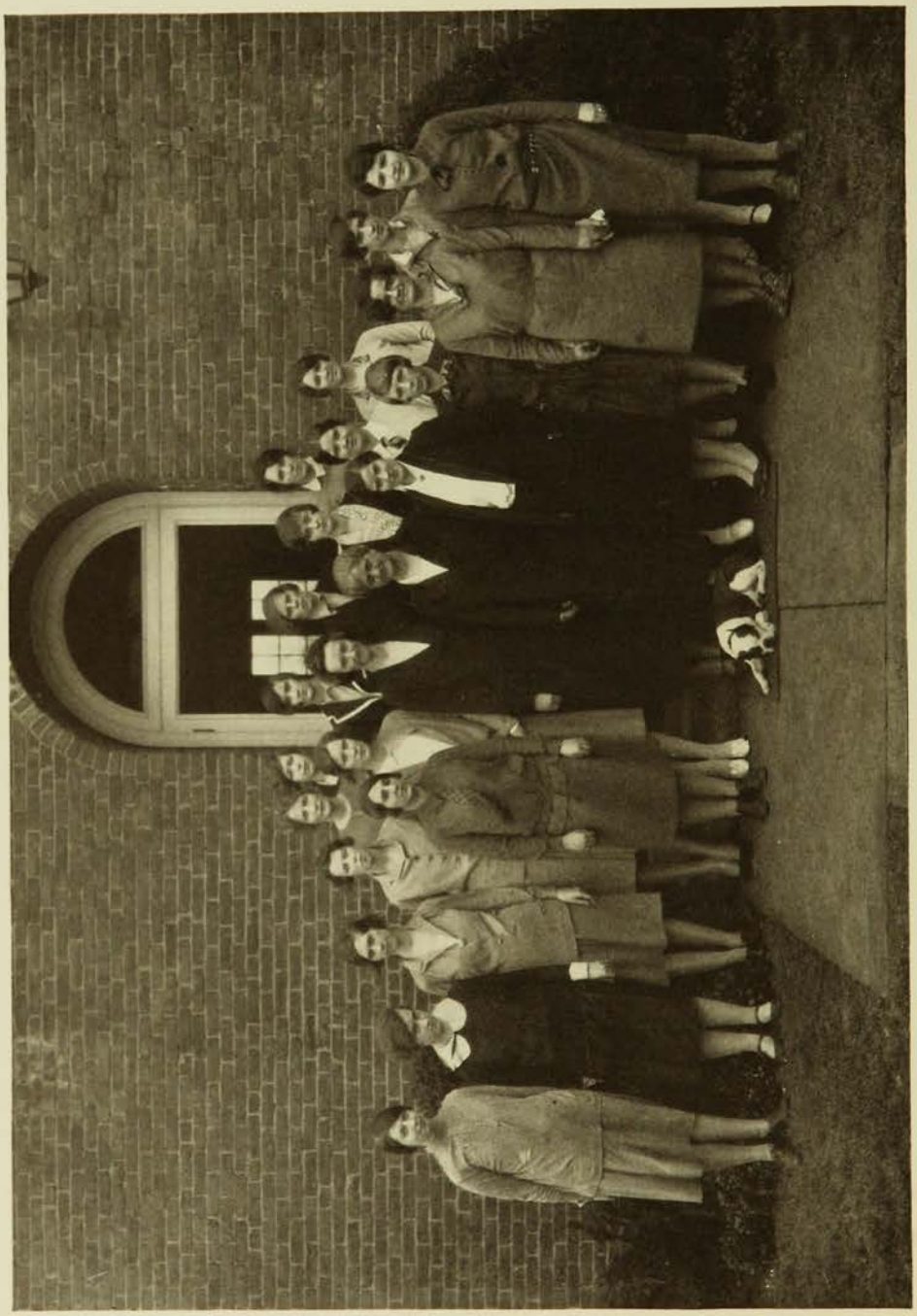
Kathryn Bavinger
Betti Bettison
Margaret Dawes
Gretchen Dishong
Catherine Dominick
Kathryn Ferguson
Janet Gailey
Pauline Gaut
Phyllis Goodnow
Helen Groetzinger
Eleanore Haigh
Virginia Harris
Eleanor Hayden
Flora Hollingsworth
Margaret Johnson
Constance Jones
Eleanor Marsh
Eleanor Miller
Esther Myers
Wilma McFarland
Jean Redick
Elizabeth Roberts
Caroline Sweeney
Margaret Jean Verran
Clarissa White
Renate Zimmers

SUBSTITUTES

Lois Lasater
Helen Raynor
Judith Spencer
Genevieve Stewart

Elizabeth Council





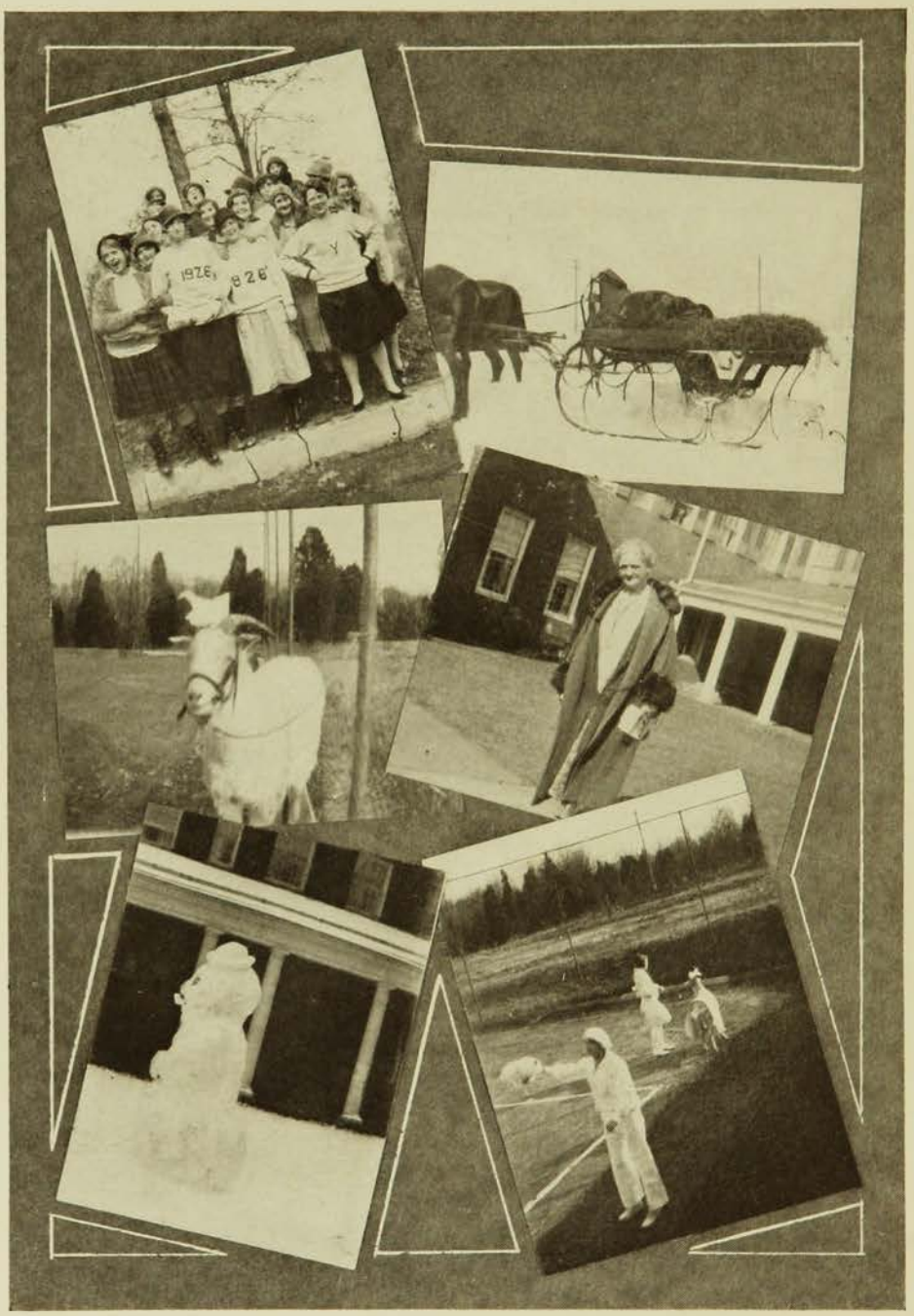


WALKING CLUB

Honorary Members—Miss Cole, Miss Guard, Miss Slauson
President—Pauline Gaut
Secretary and Treasurer—Eleanor Linn

Jean Barker
Eleanor Bessell
Miranda Boyd
Alice Campbell
May Dunlap
Mary Louise Gaut
Pauline Gaut
Marguerite Herrick
Marie Horst
Peggy Jeffery
Eleanor Linn
Mary Ann Peacock
Jean Redick
Jane Reilly
Elizabeth Roberts
Eleanor Rowe
Kathleen Sheldon
Judith Spencer
Clarissa White
Anne Young





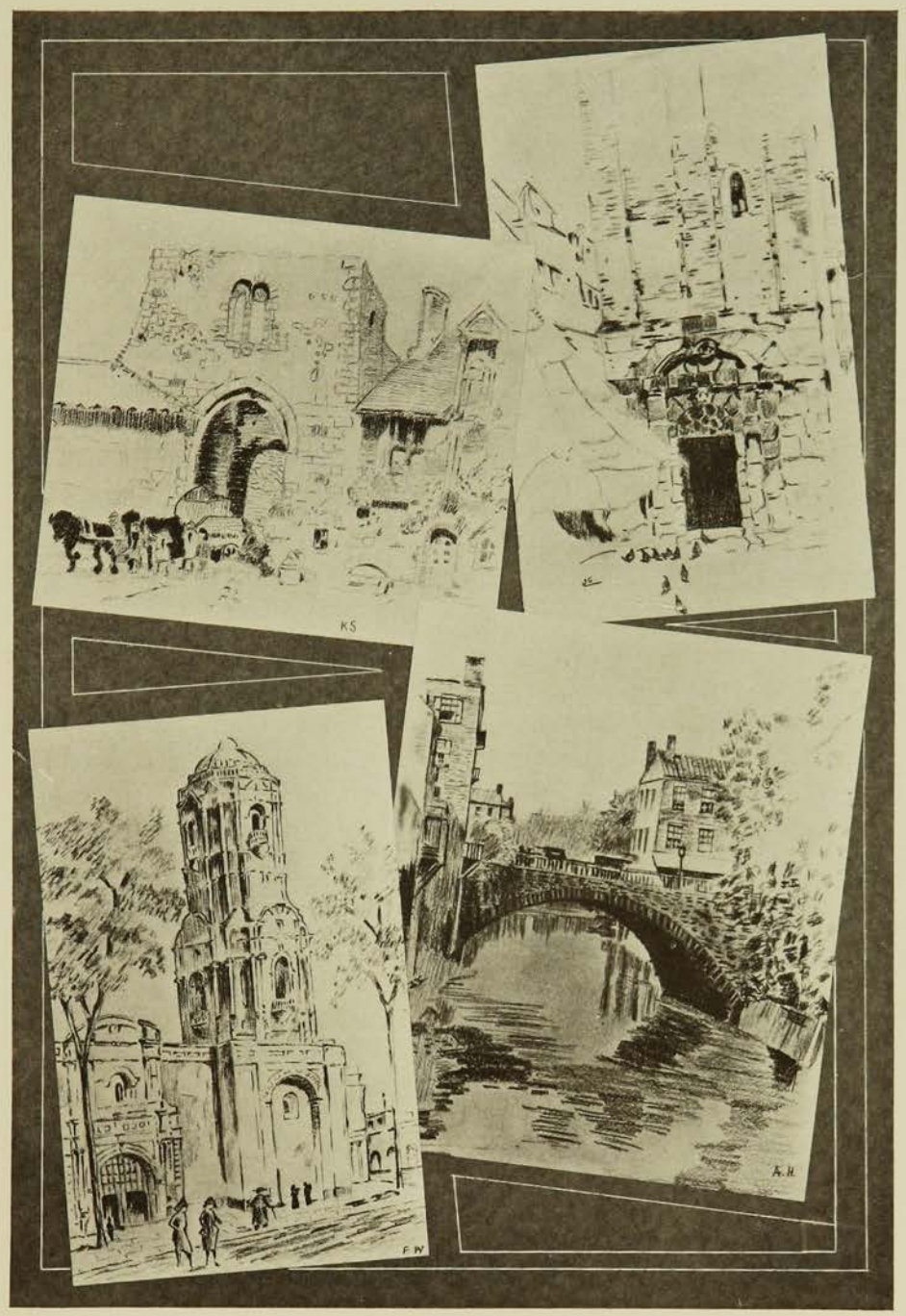


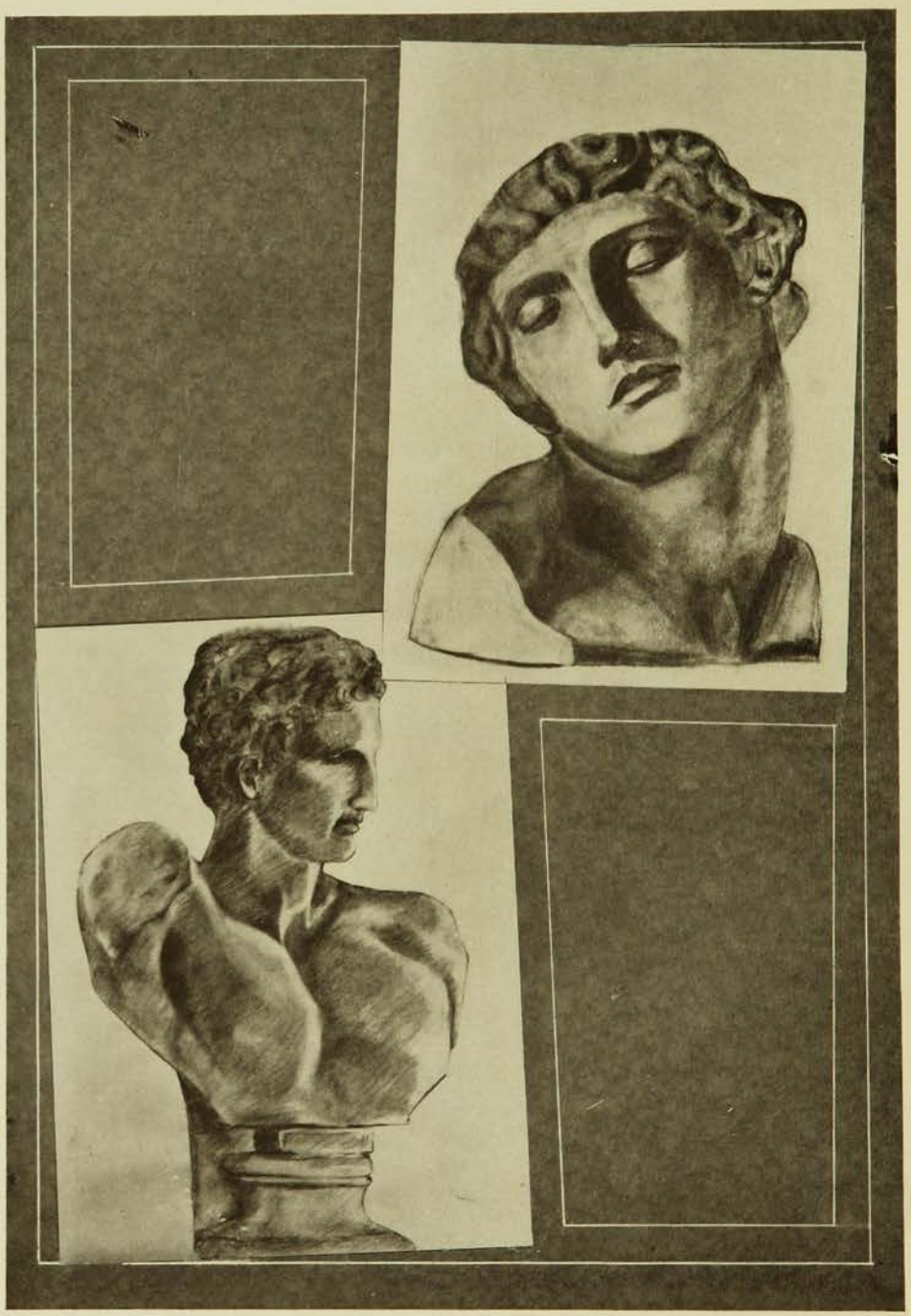

ART





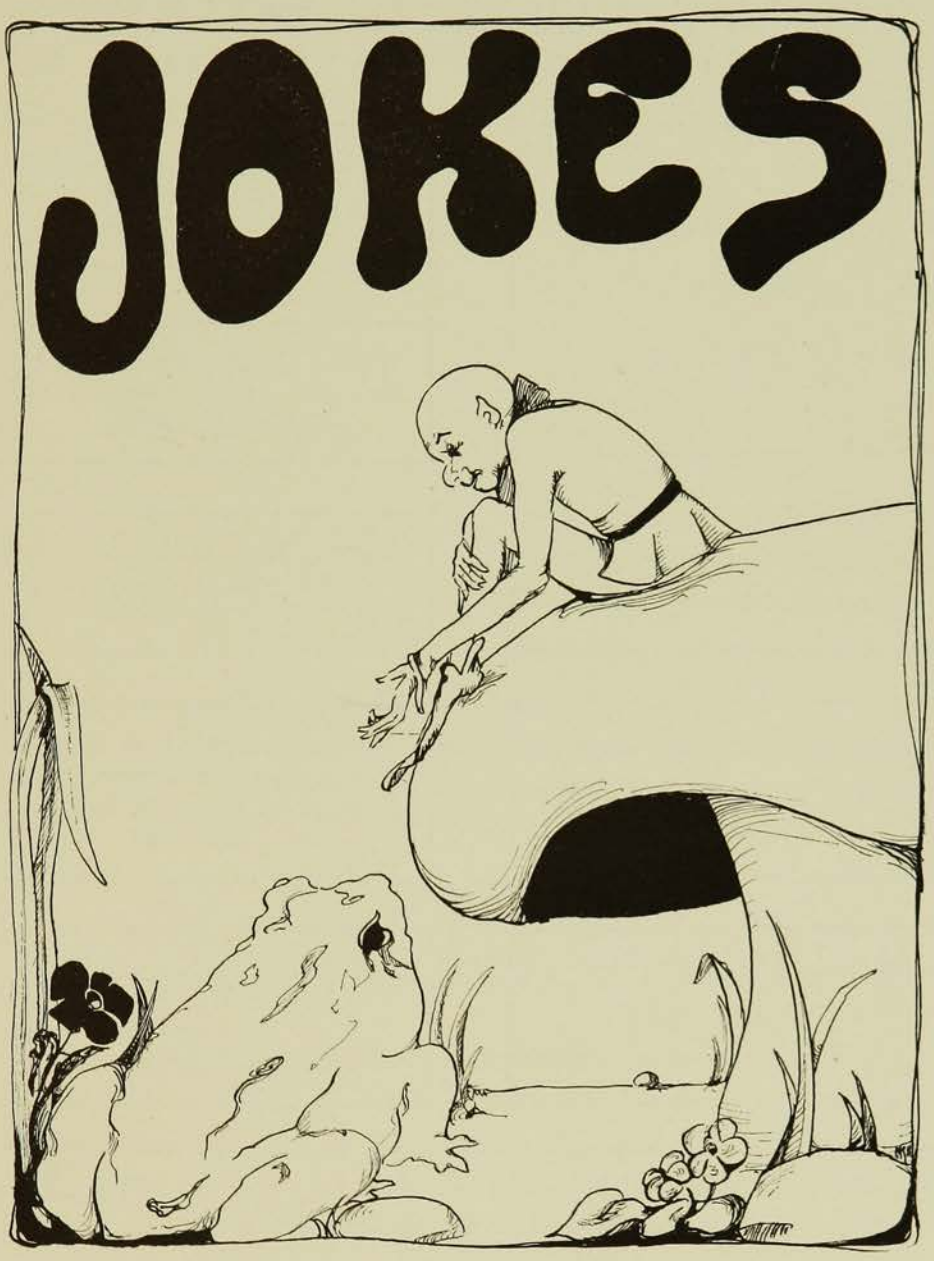



KS
F.W
K.H





JOKES





M. V. S. BULLETIN BOARDS
(AS WE SHOULD LIKE TO SEE THEM)

Sign Below for
"The Follies"
E. Haigh
G. Stewart
H. Hopper
J. Quilhot
E. Davison

Students may take no more than five cuts a week from morning drill

We are pleased to announce that the entire student body has made *Star Honor Roll*

No rules will be in effect tonight on account of Faculty Meeting

Come to Mrs. McAllister's room for pennants of your favorite college

Miss Hopkins is in her office to receive orders for nuts and candy from 2:00-4:00 p. m. daily

As the girls need at least six hours sleep, gentlemen callers must be dismissed before midnight

Permission for dances in Washington granted only for Saturday nights

Midnight lunches sold in the kitchen at 11:00 p. m.
Hot dogs—5c
Club sandwiches—25c

Miss Cole will show the latest styles in boyish bobs and masculine clothing for girls in Great Hall, Friday night, 7:30



PEOPLE THAT COUNT

Miss Schmitthenner.
Miss Davis and Miss Stuart (at Morning Drill).
Marguerite Herrick (at Teahouse).
Miss Barber (March 24th).
Miss Guard (every Saturday morning).
Miss Ball.
Mrs. Payne.
Mrs. Rickett.
Every one on her calendar.

ODE TO THE SCORPION ON THE BOTTOM OF THE POOL AT 9:20

Wriggle, wriggle, little bug,
Sprawling in your white-washed tub
With your glassy green-eyed stare
Watching from your flaky lair.

Do you wonder at the shout
Girls make as they swim about?
You who hear no sound all day
In your white-lined swimming bay.

In your heaven's liquid green
Do you smile at sights there seen
When gray forms above you pass
In Miss Stuart's swimming class?

Do you wonder at their dives,
Those for which they risk their lives,
As each curiously spins
Quite without the aid of fins?

Front dives, back dives, flat dives, all
Aiming at you where you sprawl



Do commotions overhead
Fill your scorpion heart with dread?

Many things we'd like to know
If you'd tell us e'er you go,
But this one we beg of you
Do you laugh when we are through?

BETTI BETTISON.

Miss Elting (in Chemistry): "If anything should go wrong, we'd be blown skyhigh. Girls in the back row come close to the table, so you can follow better."

Miss Kleps (in Geometry class): "Pull up the shade and open the window. It's entirely too warm in here."

Aggie Morris (aside): "Good idea, it may put some light on the subject."

Miss Elting: "What is creosote?"

Mary Boyd: "Ah, isn't that what they use in Southern cooking?"

Do you remember the play Alice Campbell wrote last year, "Words, Words, Words?" Jean Barker said it was a pun because it was a play on words.

"The Guards Song" from "Basketball"—"I want to go where you go, do what you do."

Florence Birch (soliciting for advertisements): "May I see the manager, please?"

Clerk: "He isn't in, would you just as soon see his son?"

F. W. B.: "Oh! I'd rather."

J. G. W. (reading announcements): "Everyone is invited to come to 'Red Cross' this morning and make the lay outs for the babies."



?: "What do you call the outdoor exercise we take before breakfast?"

!: "Why not Quadrille."

A. K. (singing "La Marseillaise" in French Club initiation):

Marchons, marchons,
Qu'un singe impur!

ECHOES FROM A PUPIL'S RECITAL

Odessa (to Miss Cole): "I shall sing, 'To You,' by Oley Speaks."

Miss Messenger (aside to Miss Carroll): "What did she say? I shall sing to you only squeaks?"

Miss Kleps: "What were the theorems for today?"

Mimi: "Terrible!"

Shirley Hobbins: "Idiot!"

Chick Bessell: "Not! Only in the making."

Shirley: "Yeh—just at the half-wit stage!"

Renate is so dumb she thinks there is a new dorine called the Locarno Compact.

Pauline: "I'm just feeling rare today."

Caroline: "Don't worry, you'll be well done by tomorrow."

Liz: "Look at those buzzards flying over the tennis court. There must be something dead around here."

Toad: "Yes, probably a tennis ball."

Betti Bettison (after returning from an unsuccessful visit to the cold storage room for apples): "That was the most fruitless journey I ever undertook."



Name	*Hobby*	*Charm*	*Pet Expression*	*Indoor Sport*	*Is*	*Secret Ambition*
Bennett	Strach	Figure	Po' little lamb	Primping	Attractive	To have curly hair
Birch	French	Poise	Rare	Studying	Intellectual	Chateau on the Riviera
Campbell	Dramatics	Intellect	Oozey-Boozey	Talking that odd dialect	Ingenious	To be a poet
DeArmond	West Point	Sweetness	Honey	Dancing with Cadets	Sweet	To marry an Army officer
Daggett	England	Slender ankles	You would!	Beautifying	Good tempered	An English manor house
Davison	Golf	Style	Egad!	Tipping the camphor	Likable	Play her harp in heaven
M. L. Gaut	Pink bows	Laugh	What was that you said?	Keeping warm	Easy going	To enjoy life
P. Gaut	Mints	Eyes and Titian hair	I 'reckon	Entertaining the young	Enthusiastic	Eternal youth
Haigh	Improving M. V. S.	Personality	After all, Girls	Conducting Chapel	Charming	To be a matron of an orphan asylum
Hayden	Basketball	Friendliness	Can you beat that?	Solitaire	Serious	Eva Le Gallienne, Jr.
Koenig	Playing vic	Good nature	Get the habit	Writing letters	Quiet	To teach French
Marsh	Wit	Voice	Hello, Hello	Borrowing the pearl pin	Petite	To marry
Myers	Being useful	Disposition	You're just the type	Eating candy	Musical	To be a concert pianist
Raynor	Books	Piquancy	Don't ever think	Cutting pictures	Smart	To live in London
Sweeney	Collecting money	Chatter	6 and 7/8	Breaking bones	Amusing	To go to Europe
Woodard	School walk	Curly hair	Awfully lots	Studying French	Artistic	To be punctual
Young	Lavender	Blush	Cute	Steaming hair	A Scream	To own *A* Spanish villa
Zimmers	Scarfs	Dimples	H-m-m-m	Eye exercises	Particular	To be a Wall Street broker

Eleanor: "Do you know Sue goes to bed every night with her chewing gum and swallows it in her sleep?"

Mary: "Maybe that's why she's so stuck up."

Mimi (explaining to Mlle. Toureille that she was leaving on her week-end): Je vais prendre ma "faible bout."

Miss Stewart (to M. L.): "What are you doing now?"

M. L.: "I'm laying down on my back-stroke."

Miss Cole (to Alice, when faculty photograph is being taken): "Do we look well?"

Alice: "Well enough, but we have been assured that the camera will make up for any deficiencies."



Miss Adams, Mary Oakland, California
" Archibald, Katharine Daytona, Florida
" Armstrong, Jane Oakland, California
" Barker, Jean Louisville, Kentucky
" Bavinger, Kathryn Omaha, Nebraska
" Beckwith, Sue Aurora, Illinois
" Bennett, Elizabeth San Antonio, Texas
" Bentley, Marion Owosso, Michigan
" Bessell, Eleanor Port Washington, New York
" Bettison, Betti Wayne, Pennsylvania
" Birch, Florence Lansdowne, Pennsylvania
" Born, Elizabeth Glencoe, Illinois
" Bournique, Eugenie Milwaukee, Wisconsin
" Boyd, Mary Radnor, Pennsylvania
" Boyd, Miranda Radnor, Pennsylvania
" Campbell, Alice St. Joseph, Missouri
" Clark, Jessie Louisville, Kentucky
" Cleveland, Sibyl Brockport, New York
" Cocroft, Frances Providence, Rhode Island
" Comstock, Evelyn Providence, Rhode Island
" Council, Elizabeth Americus, Georgia
" Crabbs, Ruth Scarsdale, New York
" Crouch, Margaret Minneapolis, Minnesota
" Cunningham, Mary Evanston, Illinois
" Daggett, Blanche Niagara Falls, New York
" Dallis, Palmer Atlanta, Georgia
" Davison, Elizabeth Flint, Michigan
" Dawes, Margaret Evanston, Illinois
" Dawes, Mary Columbus, Ohio
" DeArmond, Catherine Washington, D. C.
" Denton, Margaret Fort Thomas, Kentucky
" Dishong, Gretchen Omaha, Nebraska
" Dominick, Catherine Greenwich, Connecticut
" Dunlap, May Hinton, West Virginia
" Emery, Elizabeth Montclair, New Jersey
" Erhard, Marjorie Brookline, Massachusetts



Miss Ferguson, Kathryn ---------- Bellevue, Pennsylvania
" Foshay, Julianne ---------- Minneapolis, Minnesota
" French, Eleanor ---------- Amsterdam, New York
" Gailey, Janet ---------- Bloomington, Illinois
" Gannon, Kathleen ---------- Berkeley, California
" Gardner, Janet ---------- St. Louis, Missouri
" Gaut, Mary Louise ---------- Louisville, Kentucky
" Gaut, Pauline ---------- Knoxville, Tennessee
" Genius, Jeannette ---------- Chicago, Illinois
" Gilchrist, Jeanne ---------- Detroit, Michigan
" Goodnow, Phyllis ---------- Fort Smith, Arkansas
" Gray, Anne ---------- Detroit, Michigan
" Groetzinger, Helen ---------- Hartsdale, New York
" Grosvenor, Miriam ---------- Brookline, Massachusetts
" Haigh, Eleanore ---------- West Roxbury, Massachusetts
" Hammer, Jean ---------- Corpus Christi, Texas
" Hanna, Mary Eleanor ---------- Montclair, New Jersey
" Harris, Virginia ---------- Peoria, Illinois
" Hassel, Louise ---------- Evanston, Illinois
" Hawkes, Kathryn ---------- Corning, New York
" Hayden, Eleanor ---------- New Rochelle, New York
" Hearne, Anne ---------- Wheeling, West Virginia
" Hencken, Georgia ---------- Greenwich, Connecticut
" Herrick, Marguerite ---------- Ancon, Canal Zone
" Higinbotham, Priscilla ---------- Evanston, Illinois
" Hobbins, Shirley ---------- Madison, Wisconsin
" Hollingsworth, Flora ---------- Los Angeles, California
" Hopper, Helen ---------- Kalamazoo, Michigan
" Horst, Marie ---------- Reading, Pennsylvania
" Jarratt, Madge ---------- Marianna, Arkansas
" Jeffery, Margaret ---------- Philadelphia, Pennsylvania
" Johnson, Margaret ---------- Munice, Indiana
" Johnston, Frances ---------- Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania
" Jones, Constance ---------- Providence, Rhode Island
" Kennedy, Marion ---------- Palo Alto, California
" Kimball, Alice ---------- Groton, Massachusetts
" Kirk, Annett ---------- Findlay, Ohio



Miss Kirkwood, Barbara---------- Palo Alto, California
" Koenig, Dorothy---------- Sioux Falls, South Dakota
" Lasater, Lois---------- Falfurrias, Texas
" Lewis, Martha---------- Atlanta, Georgia
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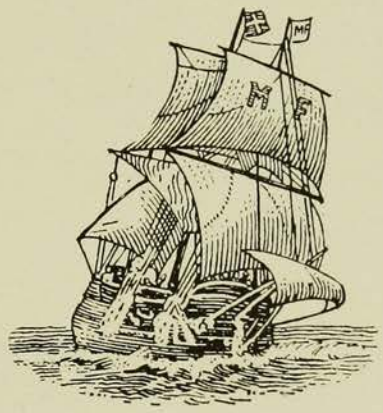
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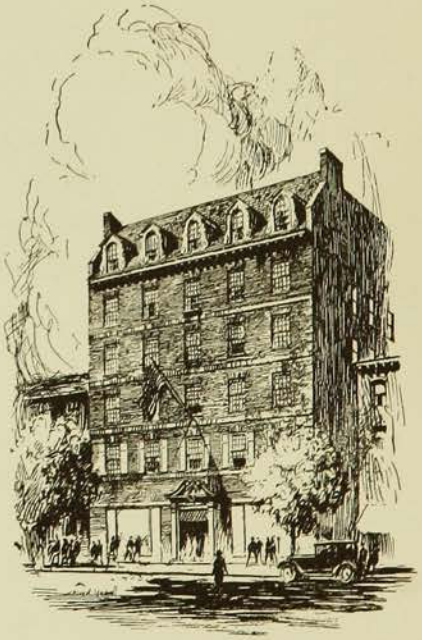
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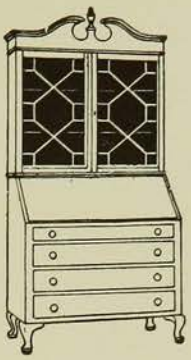
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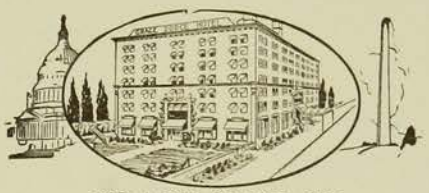
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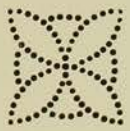
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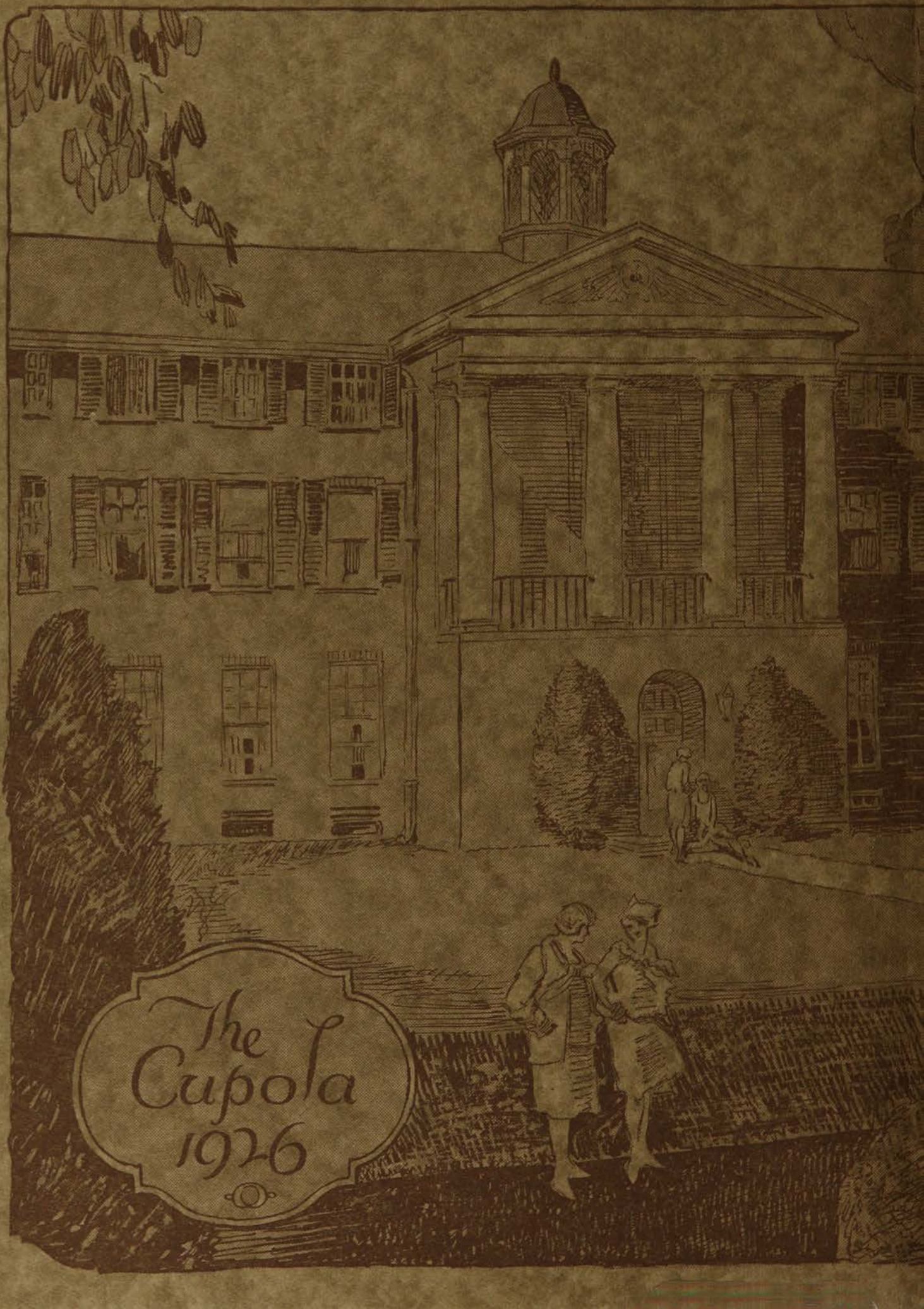
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